

break my skin and drain me

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/29976345) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/29976345>.

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| Rating: | Explicit |
| Archive Warning: | Graphic Depictions Of Violence |
| Category: | M/M |
| Fandom: | mcyt , Dream SMP , Video Blogging RPF , Minecraft (Video Game) |
| Relationship: | Alexis Quackity/Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Alexis Quackity/Jschlatt , Alexis Quackity & Toby Smith Tubbo , Alexis Quackity & Eret , Alexis Quackity & Sapnap , Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) |
| Character: | Alexis Quackity , Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Jschlatt (Video Blogging RPF) , Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , Toby Smith Tubbo , mentions of philza - Character , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Eret (Video Blogging RPF) , Floris Fundy , Karl Jacobs |
| Additional Tags: | Oh god here the fuck we go again , oml but at least i have personality now , Switch Technoblade , Bottom Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Top Alexis Quackity , Canon-Typical Violence , Smut , :P , Eventual Smut , Angst , Quackity has issues fam , Hybrid Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Piglin Hybrid Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Winged Alexis Quackity , Duck Hybrid Alexis Quackity , Size Kink , oh god here weeee gooooo , Thighs , Technoblade's thighs , Techno Nudge , enough wholesome , Wing Kink , Gold Kink , OH GOD THE FANFIC PANIC HIT IN , This Is Fine , oh forgot , Switch Quackity , i have taste after all , Unresolved Sexual Tension , Gay Panic , Making Out , horn knee , Quackity but he flirts when he panics , Karl Jacobs Needs a Hug , Alexis Quackity Needs a Hug , Techno gives him one , but Quackity is stupid , Gentle Kissing , Shapeshifter Alexis Quackity , Hand & Finger Kink , Hand Kink , 5+1 Things , Technoblade is So Whipped (Video Blogging RPF) , Technoblade Needs a Hug (Video Blogging RPF) , Miscommunication , Feelings Realization , Fluff and Angst , Angst and Hurt/Comfort , Minor Alexis Quackity/Jschlatt , Alexis Quackity-centric , Soft Karl Jacobs , Protective GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Winged Georgenotfound |
| Language: | English |
| Series: | Part 3 of aurea |
| Collections: | QNB DISCORD FICS , ☆*: .o. o(≥▽≤)o .o.:*☆ |
| Stats: | Published: 2021-03-11 Updated: 2021-05-23 Chapters: 5/6 Words: 21692 |

break my skin and drain me

by [orphan_account](#), [Syash](#)

Summary

five times quackity failed to get dick and the one time he didn't

this is more poetic than the summary makes it seem

Notes

EHHH BESTIES GUESS WHO'S BACK BABES!!!!

bows

anyway, so i was told that quackity was okay with his SMP character being shipped, so therefore i am, :dancingman emoji: vibing :D,

again even then, i have never even thought of the irl people in this way at all, and in no way ship the real people in the slightest, shipping is just something i enjoy doing.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

i'm a killer, cold and wrathful

The first time Quackity sees Technoblade, is when the man is about to kill him. Hunting him down in a game like he was a fucking deer. Should've given him a hint.

Quackity's scared, he wouldn't deny that, but it would be easier to be horrified if the person in front of him wasn't absolutely gorgeous.

Quackity wonders briefly if this is what it felt like to see a God- he isn't a foolish person, he knows it's not possible. Yet looking at the man before him like a battlefield adorned in blood, a truly intimidating beauty, the kind you see in the glint of a sword and drop of poison, it made him question it, for just a moment. The man looks like pure sin.

He was dressed like royalty, crown on his head and hair Quackity wanted to pull, and his lips were visible and his tusks poking out of them. They could probably draw blood.

"Oh my god, you're so pretty." The man was about to slash down and probably kill him, but he freezes. And Quackity never did have a sense of self preservation. It's hard to breathe and he's panicking, he's body feels like it's in a rush, hands shaking like a broken wheel, his stomach sinks and his wings shrink inwards.

The person he was with had been killed by the pink haired man already, his comm getting cut off when his head did. The sudden silence of his team mate had felt like a death all in itself. People couldn't see this round, they saw the later ones, so he was glad no one would see him die pathetically.

The man looks at him, tilts his head, and he's attracted despite everything.

Quackity wasn't easy, he didn't fuck random people, but he would for this man. No one had any right looking so regal committing manslaughter and making him feel like death. Quackity's wings flew up around him, regally flared as if to defend himself.

The adrenaline and fear in his body is overwhelming, heart pounding in his ears.

"No one ever called me pretty while I was tryin' to kill them. Kind of kinky of you." His voice is deep and slightly mocking, Quackity would let it fucking wreck him. Talk to him as it edged him for hours and-

He grabs the man by the tie of his cloak, pulling him closer, a desire that has no right to be there building in his chest. Maybe it's the panic, possibly the adrenaline, but either way he was feeling up to suck a dick, especially if it meant preserving his life in the process.

And the piglin-hybrid lets him, fucking lets him, and at the realization he shudders. The man is full of glory, he feels like a higher force, maybe he's just playing with his food, but it turns him on so fast it's like whiplash.

Quackity leans right in his ear, and the person with blood on his sword lets him and he so much taller than him he's basically pulling him down, and the power he feels fuels him-

It's so hot that the man who could crush him let him manhandle him.

Quackity was never invited to these kinds of events for talent, he was just funny. He could entertain, he had connections.

But this man, he radiated pure power, something Quackity wanted to taste on his skin.

" *Cariño* , I can do a lot more than that. " He basically coos in Techno's ear, massive wings curling around them despite Quackity's short stature.

He watches the masked man blush, his neck flushing pink where it was visible. Maybe this wasn't the best thing to do, but it wasn't like the person was stopping him, letting him pull him down further and eyes stuck on him in an aching red. Quackity wondered if his collarbones glowed red, too, if they were hot, and if the winged hybrid licked a hot stripe across it, or if he marked that skin and it would be so hot almost as if it would burn him, if it would-

Techno pushes him into the wall hard, and oh, maybe he got the wrong vibes, but he was okay with this, really okay with this.

It hurts his wings, and they spread out behind him jerkily for a second, but Techno isn't intimidated, just crowds Quackity who is frozen in fear, wondering why he thought he could have control here.

He whines as Techno sniffs him, buries his nose in his neck, lets it slide up on sweaty skin from exertion and Quackity arches his chin up to give him more access to the tan lines of his neck, some desperate attempt to do anything.

He wanted him to fucking bite him, some dumbass part of him. Crush his windpipe in that tusked maw.

The panic Quackity feels only serves to heighten what he's feeling in his stomach, and he moans when Techno let's a hand trail up from his chest to his chin, he's hyperventilating as he feels the claws on those hands. He would have let him do anything he wanted, just as long as he doesn't stop, won't stop-

"Maybe another time."

For one second Techno meets his eyes, his face is close enough he could feel Techno's breath ghost over his cheek, the hammering in his chest.

Technoblade grips his neck in one massive hand and snaps it.

...

When he respawned, he'd never been so horny and pissed off in his life. His teammate gives him a worried glance, asking him if he's okay.

Oh, Quackity is fucking dandy.

He wants to murder someone, or fuck someone. Preferably do both. To Technoblade, whom he figures is the name of the man as everyone screams, watching with excitement as he slays the last person on the map.

Technoblade's name is on everyone's lips, how he slaughtered everyone and won. No one has any idea of what happened in between them, the secret crawls up his tongue and dies.

As the victorious champion himself spawns in, the cheers of the crowd intensify, everybody

crawling all over him like he was the image of beauty and dignity, a solid statue of god among mortals. The man smiles through it, waving to everybody with a half smile he could tell was practiced, and for the briefest moment, he meets Techno's gaze. It sends a shock of cold through his chest, but despite it all, he smiles and walks through a portal, feeling Technoblade's gaze on his back as his form shimmers away. Hot and heavy, but it does nothing to terrify Quackity after the experience he'd just had.

After dropping into a random server to brew more of that chaos that he lives in, he stretches his wings until he's satisfied, thinking of tusks pressed against his neck.

Quackity didn't know that it was going to become a habit, what happened in the competition.

Even if he had, though, not once would he have thought to try and stop it.

silent sleeper, i've been inside your bedroom, i've murdered half the town

Chapter Summary

beep bop quackity fails to get piglin dick once again

Chapter Notes

AH YES LATER THAN SCHEDULE BUT LOOK AT ME GO

also thank you to my beta Elderon, or otherwise known as Froggy Bae <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

No, Quackity did not murder a bunch of children to see Technoblade. I mean, he did, but it was bedwars. Who gave a fuck? They probably weren't even actual children, closer to being fifteen or sixteen, a few years younger than him.

People in the bedwars lobby thought he was raiding the game at first glance and then were confused when he didn't. Quackity was on a mission, a mission to find someone. He was ambitious when he wanted to be. And if the right person asked, no, he did not hack to get in a certain game.

So yeah, he did push a kid off a cliff, and it's not like the respawns are painful in bedwars. It's why they let teenagers do this stupid game in the first place. Why no one morally questioned it.

It took a hundred games before he ran into Technoblade, who lurked through the server. The man's name seemed to be a legend that melts off tongues, whispered when no one was looking.

So far, the only thing that has happened is that he's getting better at PVP. The repetition of cutting down other people to destroy their beds sounds insane, but it works in theory. With the repetitive movements of the game, it becomes easy to fall in. Who knew he was good at cutting people down who didn't know what they were doing?

He can see how powerful Technoblade is, but most of it was possibly the man's own skill. Technoblade does this shit for fun, and participates in illegal fighting competitions in ass-crack servers. He probably shouldn't try to be friends with a guy who does this shit for entertainment, let alone try to suck his dick.

Quackity could care less, though. He gets a kick out of killing people who recognize him since he doesn't even bother to change his name. He's trying to be obvious, flaunting it even.

And at this point, he'll settle for a date from Techno to get scraps of his dignity back. The whole ordeal is not even about the fucking anymore. His urge to be entertaining, some trauma making him want to be the center of attention of someone so strong for even a moment. He craves something there.

Technoblade is so interesting.

...

He doesn't even find Technoblade, for the man finds him. He's looting the hell out of a chest, almost taking it apart completely as he can feel his instincts tell him to run. He can hear someone walk into the room.

Quackity swerves with a sword without much thought, wings sliding with the smoothness of the attack. He had been killing people for hours. It was routine to do the action.

Technoblade glances off the blow with his sword, his mask looking at him mockingly. Quackity stares at the man he had been looking for days.

Technoblade stares at him then looks at the sword in his hand.

"Drop it." The safest thing to do in this situation was to hold his sword to him. That choice would have clearly been the better option.

Quackity isn't a safe person, and he stares into the eyes of Techno's mask and drops the sword without a second thought.

"Are you suicidal?" Technoblade asks as he kicks his sword away. Quackity notices the man doesn't even have armor. He was that good at what he was doing- or at least had the confidence to pull it off.

"Nah, just slightly horny." He pauses. "But yeah, a little, to be honest." Quackity's wings are flickering behind him. Quackity feels a dab of self-hatred go through him, that he would allow himself to be so exposed for nothing.

Technoblade stares at him, tension lining his body and excitement and instinctual fear raising in Quackity.

"Is it another time yet?" Before he could think about it the words slip out- to compensate, he wiggles his eyebrows, almost as if his instinct was to make humor out of his anxiety. He gets ignored, unsurprisingly, as Techno walks closer to him like a panther stalking its prey.

"So, how are you today?" Quackity asks, hopping around Technoblade, letting the man's eyes follow him as his wings dance about. Technoblade chuckles at him, and for once it doesn't sound bloodthirsty.

"Pretty good, how about you?" Technoblade hums, his sword disappearing into his inventory with a flash. Quackity knows it's not a compliment, Techno could just as easily kill him with his bare hands, but the words sound almost pleasant in the air, kinder than any of their interactions in the past.

Quackity hums. "I ate a banana this morning." Technoblade wrinkles his nose at him, stature shifting ever so slightly. "And no, that's not an innuendo."

He laughs slightly at his own joke, and Technoblade merely shrugs and steps closer.

"So why have you been crashing the bedwars servers?"

"Just looking for someone."

"Did you find them?"

"I don't know yet." At that, Technoblade stares at him, and he's at least a foot taller than Quackity, which doesn't bother him in the slightest. He's always had a thing for someone being so much bigger than him, as an average-sized person.

The man, mask staring down at him, raises clawed fingers towards Quackity. He watches the movements intensely.

Technoblade has a hand on his face, letting it slowly drag down to his jaw, thick claws on his skin, and Quackity noticed how flushed the person in front of him was. Every movement the man made seemed to be electrifying. He grabs the hand before it falls, bringing it to his mouth. The action is delicate, appears out of place in the air that surrounds them.

"Does this mean that I found him?" He says into Technoblade's wrist.

"Learn to read a room." He sounds so bored it abrades on Quackity a little.

"You aren't even bothered that someone could walk in. Kinky."

"I've already annihilated everyone in this game."

That shouldn't be as hot as it is. Darker hand tightens around Technoblade's wrist.

"Tell me to stop at any time, *cariño* . I want to make you feel good." He leans in, letting Techno pull away somewhat. He allows his hand to rise to Techno's mask, not moving it but letting his hand rest on it, with Techno's wrist in his other hand.

And he wants Techno to tear him to pieces or wither under him, but the underlying thing is that he wants Techno to crave it.

"*Puedo tocarte? Déjame*. Can I touch you?" He sounds so eager, despite himself.

The hand under his lips flexes as Technoblade stares at him.

Quackity bites into the skin of his wrist, not sharply, more like just a nibble, enjoying the pitch in the piglin-hybrids breath. He feels like he should ask for boundaries before he does anything else, but it's so easy getting overwhelmed. Allowing a stranger to touch you like this almost seemed invasive as it was exciting.

"Can I bite you, yah? Can I touch your hair, or do you not want me to do anything? I don't mind if you catch what I mean-"

Technoblade pulls Quackity forward with the grip that Quackity still had on his wrist.

"If I don't want to do something, I think you'll know." Oh, Quackity fucking shivered at the tone of Technoblade's voice. The man smirked as he noticed.

Technoblade lets his other hand rise, trailing up a wing almost curiously.

"Your wings are so pretty," Technoblade starts before he grins madly, "They would look better with blood on them."

Quackity doesn't even bother trying to hide the moan that rips out of him, the hand in his wing

tightening so much it was painful, and Quackity has no idea if Technoblade knows that they are that sensitive. He sees stars in his eyes when Technoblade squeezes them harshly.

"You act like you're in charge, but as soon as I touch your wings, you turn into a little bitch."

Quackity pushes him away because he gets the sudden urge to prove Technoblade wrong, wings flaring up as he went at Technoblade. Maybe it was his inferiority complex speaking, but he wanted to get the smile to slide off his face.

Quackity flares up before he can think about it, and the only reason he doesn't slam Techno against the chest is that he's pretty sure Technoblade would kill him if he moves too fast. Instead, it's slower, more sensual. Quackity has a hand on his chest pushing it back, Technoblade shivering as he follows Quackity's silent command to back up. His eyes never leave Techno, and he can see the lust in Technoblade's eyes. He feels his wings flare around them.

When the back of Technoblade's legs hit the chest, Quackity gets off on the thrill of it, of him leaning back on it, letting Quackity have his way. Who knew that the guy could be so submissive, even if it was just a slight shiver in the dynamic of prey and predator they had set. He has a hand on each of Technoblade's thighs, and even through the fabric he can feel the clear muscle definition, which Quackity digs his fingers into in a personal show of dominance. He gently tugs them apart, using the slowness of it to drift closer to Technoblade, to feel his body under deft and practiced fingers.

The black pants he feels under his hands hugged Techno's legs so well, and he let his hand bring up one of his knees and trail up a thigh, so slow in the action.

"Your thighs, I can't even see them, and they look so good, you can crush me with those. *Quiero follarte*." Technoblade swayed at his words, a soft whimper escaping him. He claws at Quackity's neck as he pulls him closer. Technoblade is still watching him with eyes that promised death if the bird-hybrid pulled anything, but he still shivers when a soft trill lets out in the air, and Quackity grips his chin with his hand. The mask he was wearing moved slightly, exposing his face more. He wonders how poetic this was, what type of irony laid in the situation. He let his hand settle on Techno's collar, looking at the goosebumps that rose there.

Quackity grabs him by the throat and watches Techno freeze. This careful balance of almost misplaced trust and rushed lust is driving Quackity up the wall. Seeing Techno so exposed to him does things to his ego. He wants to see more of him, see what his skin looks like flushed. How he sounds when he whines. What his hands would feel like on his hips, against the unexposed expanse of his midriff.

Quackity wouldn't do this with just anyone, but apparently, he would do it with someone he doesn't know, someone who would kill him and enjoy it. Who did kill him and enjoyed it.

Maybe he had some problems, but hell, at least Techno was hot.

He has a hand around the pale throat and doesn't squeeze, and Technoblade stares at him with a look he doesn't know well enough to understand, his mask pushed to the side. His other hand gripped Techno's waist far enough where he can't rut against Quackity in his barely controlled thrusts forward, from listening to Quackity speak to him alone. The winged hybrid knew that if Techno wanted to, he could get what he wanted.

He was enjoying just as much as Quackity was. He leans into the shorter man's touch, skin warm, hot, even, like the sun was dancing just beneath his fingers.

God, if that isn't the hottest thing he's ever seen. Quackity is so much shorter than him, but for a rare instance, the bird-hybrid was the one towering above. This was almost certainly doing something to his ego, but he'll worry about that later.

"Let me take control." He wants it, wants to control the man who could kill him, and Quackity isn't ashamed to say he gets off on it, the danger of Technoblade's claws on his neck.

He wants to know him, wants to learn, and pave the body above him. The thought crawls into his mind and takes over. Quackity leans in closer, practically cooing into the piglin's ear.

"Your so fucking pretty, *mi rey. Qué chingón*. Fuck, I want to eat you alive. That's such a weird thing to say, but you're just so responsive. You are so good, baby." He watches Technoblade react to his words, his hip jutting as he moans at Quackity's words, burying his face in his shoulder, tusks brushing the space below his collar, as he tries to find friction Quackity wouldn't let him have.

"Tell me what you want." He can tell the blade isn't wordy in bed, and he can see him fighting to find the right words to answer with.

"I-I..."

"What do you need, *por cariño?*" The question sits in the air between them as Quackity lets his other hand sink into Technoblade's hair. Technoblade growled at him, literally growled, and Quackity let his wings fly up in response, trill in the back of his throat. He pulled Technoblade's head back harshly. He could do a power play.

"*Mi tesoro*, do you not want to be good?" Technoblade melts when Quackity pulls him to him by his hair, mask still skewed on his face. The pink-haired man goes completely slack at the motion, oddly submissive.

"Good, boy. You deserve some rewards, don't you?" Quackity brings his knee up between Techno's thighs and grips his hips again. Nimble fingers lead Techno to thrust slowly against the solid pressure of his knee. The man under him keens and Quackity full out coos at the response, the wings that wrap around them are soft. Technoblade looks so gorgeous, listening to him.

Technoblade is rutting on him, speed set by Quackity whose hands were bruising his hips through the fabric of the dark cotton pants. It was intoxicating, seeing Technoblade lose himself to the sensations, his moans picking up as Quackity squeezed his sides harshly, whispering sweet nothings in his ears.

Technoblade pulls him into a kiss before he could think about it, and it's not so much as a kiss but a harsh press of mouths, teeth clashing painfully at first contact. He can feel tusks digging into his lip.

He isn't good at kissing, but the latter doesn't seem to give a fuck. He kisses Quackity like he wants to consume him.

Quackity has kissed people before, surprise there really, but he hasn't kissed Technoblade. It's different, but he feels himself melting into Techno's lips against his. It's desperate, pursuing euphoria, and Quackity is high off the sight and taste of him. Even if Technoblade had submitted to him, kissing him was like fighting him and working with him at the same time, pulling back and pressing their lips back together harshly, the drag of a tongue against his and Technoblade biting his lip. He moves his tongue over teeth and mouths at Techno's tusks. Quackity was melting, losing himself in Techno's breathy moans and quiet gasps. His mind is fogging up in pleasure and

makes it hard to think.

"I could die like this. *Tesoro*, so fucking pretty."

Then Quackity remembered what the fuck he was supposed to be doing, the idea snapping into his head and leveling his interests. And he jerks back fast enough Techno almost falls over. Quackity's wings are shaking as he pushes down his arousal, breathing heavily.

Technoblade looks like he's in shock, staring at Quackity like he didn't understand what was happening.

"I-I what?" His voice sounds out of breath, and Quackity wants to go back to taste it, but he doesn't.

"I was supposed to ask you out on a date!"

Quackity feels like he made a mistake, pulling back to stare at Techno, because he can see everything now. His chest is flushed, shirt pushed up his midriff to reveal a gently heaving stomach lined up with the shaky breaths drawn out of his mouth. He looks completely and utterly fucked. It's almost blunt, with the way his large black eyes dragged down his body like he was debating on killing him on the spot or saving him for later. Technoblade was still panting heavily, face wrecked. His hair was everywhere from all the hair-pulling, unlike its usual careful neatness. Techno was straining against his pants, legs still open on clear display showing what exactly they had been doing moments before. That image is certainly getting imprinted in his brain for a while.

And he looked pissed, more than when he had almost got killed during the MM.

"Why the fuck do you want to go on a date?"

Dark eyes blinked as they stared at the man who had been under him mere moments ago, who relaxed at the gaze.

"I mean, we don't have to." He walked back in between muscled legs, a pointed, lustful stare on him like the beginnings of a hurricane. "We can keep going. I don't mind."

"I'll think about it." Technoblade smiles at him, letting his fingers gently card through Quackity's feathers. The down was soft, silky to the touch.

"Think about what?" He says mockingly, his hands on Technoblade's hips again. He kisses Technoblade's neck softly and feels like he's pressed against danger incarnate.

Quackity doesn't know when the fuck it got so friendly. Technoblade hums, and he can feel it in his chest like a rumble.

"I have to kill you now."

"..."

"God damn it."

Technoblade rolls his eyes before he breaks Quackity's neck, looking at the winning screen that came on. Maybe the bird-hybrid was born for no one to take him seriously.

Quackity was shrieking when he respawned in the lobby.

"You must be good! You lasted so long against Technoblade." A man said, looking at him in awe.

Quackity bashed him dismissively with a wing, the man flying into the wall as Quackity screams in frustration. Feelings were in turmoil in his gut, and it was hard to organize what they all meant.

Chapter End Notes

HALLLLOOO, i would like to thank my beta so much for making this readable because I am :D, like holy crap i am that sarcastic smiley face emoji, frogie bae you are a god <3

HEHEHHISODFJDOSIFJPOIJFW thank you for reading! also >:(, have a pat guys :pat: :pat: FEEL FREE TO COMMENT WHAT YOUR FAVORITE PART WAS.

ALSO, I HOPE EVERYONE HAS A GOOD DAY/NIGHT LIKE MWAH, LDJKFJ MAKE SURE TO EAT A SNACK WHEN YOU ARE HUNGRY AND DRINK WATER DUDUDUD

also uh, ignore this or you probably won't get it unless you are specific people please i'm:

good night to piss cat, eat!! my!! shit!!!, legosi kinnies, bb shippers, uwu hater (fuck you/p), my spouses BABAB, wing kink bastard, BAE <3, my wives mwah, trivvie, bottom wilbur shippers (looks at one person), monsterfuckers, the people who do not have any kinks, my ace babes <3, people who are built like refrigerators, my platonic harem, karlnapity shippers, my platonic peeps who indulge in ships,

also my editor, piss kink lookin-

left you love notes on their headstones, i'll fill the graveyards until i have you

Chapter Summary

Techno being techno and quackity wanting sexytime seggz big thighs honka bazonka with the piggyman: the fic

Chapter Notes

beep boop a doop a gloop a doop a bop a bop a doop

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

So, Technoblade has a skyblock island that's open to the public.

Quackity took a chance when he saw one.

He was apparently waging a war or something, busy planting potatoes. Apparently Technoblade is more of a dork than he thought he was.

So of course, like he always does, Quackity goes ahead to fuck with someone(mentally, of course).

.

Technoblade takes one look at him when he enters the server, and has his sword out a moment later.

"Get the fuck off my island-"

"Heh, oh shit! Watch the fucking-"

It's okay, Quackity has patience, he totally doesn't grab a pillow when he respawns and beats the crap out of his bed with it. Quackity is petty enough to plan to do it again. It wouldn't be the first time he bugged someone repeatedly.

.

So he plans to be secret the next time, just watches.

Technoblade is just planting potatoes, along with occasionally going out to gather random materials and sell stuff at the market- Quackity didn't care for the details. And the matter is, there is no way Technoblade doesn't know he's there, watching. He feels heavy eyes on him every time he perches, raising eyebrows when their gazes meet, wings fluttering behind him. It's unfair, how majestic he looks, walking through the market as if he owns it. Who knew someone that spent hours farming potatoes on skyblock could look so dignified.

Techno hasn't told him to leave yet- just stares, huffs, and ignores him. That bothers Quackity slightly. Just hardly not enough to warrant attention to it.

The fact that Techno hadn't banned him yet was amusing. The lack of action doesn't encourage him, but it didn't deter him either.

So, he decides to get closer every day, not understanding why he bothers to waste his days like this. He found himself inexplicably drawn to him, though it was beyond Quackity why watching somebody dig up and replant potatoes all day was so entertaining.

Quackity doesn't know what he wants, and maybe he wants Techno to be his friend, in a way that'd let him understand the man better- so that eventually he'll get bored and move on. He always does.

Technoblade doesn't talk back to him, but he knows the man is listening. His slanted ears tilt towards Quackity when the avian is near and flicker when he speaks. He huffs when he picks up a bag of potatoes. Muscles tense and strain beneath his sweat drenched shirt as he works, the garb somehow still flattering his figure.

It was pathetically unfair, how he got to look like a model while farming fucking potatoes.

Quackity hadn't had someone to tell him to shut up the entire time he'd been there- no wonder he was starting to get more affronting with his words.

He starts to enjoy it, enough to feel like an asshole for just watching Technoblade work all day. He watches blisters appear across Techno's hands, and then disappear after a sip of a healing potion time after time.

Technoblade looks shocked when Quackity helps him move items to another chest, and double checks and side eyes him to make sure he didn't steal anything. He tries not to be too offended by it.

"Okay, what do you want?"

"...I don't know." Quackity hates how uncertain he sounds, and immediately flinches at it. Mouth open and ready to defend himself before he catches the look Technoblade is giving him- one of curiosity, no- interest. For once, he looks interested, seems to care about what Quackity was on about. No one had ever cared enough to look at him like that, he'd always had to fight and act out for scraps of attention.

"Wanna help me?" Technoblade asks, scratching his head, looking at his chests.

"Sure, baby." Quackity says in his dramatic voice, wings flapping, ignoring Technoblade's look of dread.

.

"I don't get why the fuck you need this."

"Don't question me, I'm a genius."

"You have like, what, twenty crafting tables on you?"

"And?"

"You're crafting another one, right now."

"..."

"Oh, the almighty genius, almighty *Blood God* -"

"It's a tactical advantage-"

.

"So why are we farming potatoes?" Quackity isn't stupid, he already knows, the news is everywhere. He just wants to hear it from Techno himself. He stretches his wings as he looks at Techno.

"Because someone was first, and I took that personally." Technoblade's grin looks absolutely blood thirsty, slamming a chest shut and looking at Quackity. Quackity briefly wants to slam him against it.

"Oh, that's nice."

.

It's been a couple of weeks since he decided to be Techno's friend. Yes, Quackity had decided that on his own accord- it was never in question.

"Oh my god, kill me." The avian said as he collapsed on the ground, tired from the long day of farming they had just finished.

"Already have, and you are acting like the wimpiest child I've ever met-" Technoblade said as he kicked Quackity's foot out of the way.

"Ow, why did you do that? Fuck man-"

"I am getting concerningly close to beating you to death with this potato."

"That's a little kinky, man." Quackity trills as a dirt-dusted vegetable is thrown at his face.

Technoblade privated his island, he heard it before he logged into Skyblock one day. He feels disappointment and resolve in him before he even tries to log into Technoblade's island.

He's gotten tired of him, and just dealt like it like everyone else does, leaving without a word. There was no other reason to private a server unless you didn't want anyone there. Quackity got the fucking message, he just thinks Technoblade should've said it sooner, that Quackity was nothing but a nuisance to him.

It doesn't stop him from trying to log in though, because Quackity just loves to torture himself. He thinks of potatoes and dirt on his fingers and pink hair in a braid. He thinks of the way Technoblade smiles without his mask on and how his ears move. No one wants to be Quackity's friend for long, or his anything at all. Technoblade isn't an exception.

He's absolutely shocked when he can go through the portal. It doesn't even compute that Technoblade could whitelist him.

"Oh, I was wondering when you would show up." Technoblade said as he walked by Quackity with a swoosh of his cape.

"You privated your island." Quackity said softly, his wings tucked in towards him. He felt his chest start to hurt.

"I was tired of random people walking all over my farm." His nose scrunched up as he spoke, slowly turning his attention to the look on the avian's face. "Quackity, are you okay?"

He was rubbing at his eyes before he could help it, digging his palms so hard he saw stars. This wasn't fair, not fair at all, he wasn't supposed to be this emotional.

"Please tell me you aren't crying, I don't have the mental capacity to do this."

Quackity was crying, and trying desperately to hold it back, he was just a dramatic bitch, he was getting teary eyed over nothing. He can feel Technoblade wrap his arms around him hesitantly. Technoblade was... *hugging him*..? It was difficult to discern at first with the wavering nature of his embrace, but Quackity leaned into it nonetheless.

"Uh, was it something I said?" Quackity just shook his head and buried it further into Techno's plush frock of fur lining his velvety cape, warm against his cheek. Technoblade runs a gentle hand through his feathers, almost like an afterthought.

He has no idea if Techno knows exactly, how sacred wings are to avians, to other winged hybrids, or how much it takes for him not to shield himself away from Techno's hand. It doesn't necessarily feel bad, it's just difficult to let someone else touch his wings, given their significance. Almost like the touch of a lover or someone intimate, the only person that would ever be allowed to touch the appendages. Quackity thinks of telling him to stop, but the words won't form in his head. He couldn't force the words out even if he'd wanted them to.

Quackity logs out of the server before he starts sobbing, wishing that he had let himself stay.

So Quackity does what he always does, annoys the shit out of his problems.

To give Technoblade credit, he lasts a week- at first taking his total flip of personality as a joke, laughing at him. Quackity can see the irritation grow in him though, the more Quackity picks. He wants to stop by the first time Technoblade snaps at him because he took a joke too far. But he doesn't stop himself, even though he knows that picking will only worsen things, because he can only fuck up the relationships he has. He's surprised Techno hasn't banned him yet.

"Stop ignoring me-"

"Quackity, I don't think I can ignore you if I was trying to."

"Oho, what is that supposed to mean?"

"Quackity, what is wrong with you?" Quackity stiffens.

Technoblade notices.

"Nothing is wrong with me." Quackity just ignores the deadpan look Techno gives him.

"Go raid a SMP or something, why are you torturing me?" Quackity lets his eyes hit the ground, and he feels his hands shake slightly, even though he knows it's his fault.

"Ah, you don't want me here? Other people would kill to be with me right now." He says, attempting to wiggle his eyebrows in a humorous nature, which somehow made the terrible nagging feeling in his gut worsen.

Technoblade whips his head at him, pointing a finger at him accusingly.

"You keep trying to get me to make you leave- if you won't see yourself out, suck up your abandonment issues and help me till this soil." Technoblade speaks in an even, disinterested tone, but his gaze is entirely on Quackity, whose wings flared up, like a primal warning before an attack.

"Fuck you, fuck you-" Quackity shouts, an emotional melting pot of anger, confusion and misery churning horribly within him.

He didn't know how to confront the feelings, and dealt with it by getting up in Technoblade's face as if he were about to explode.

"You're the one that's too much of a pussy to do anything about it." He says, and he feels slight regret when Techno steps forward, straightening himself to the point where he was almost towering over Quackity. It makes him shiver, in more ways than just fear.

"I'm not the one who's freaking out over personal issues and inflicting it onto someone else." But still, Technoblade gives him a full body look, and Quackity almost lets out a small whine from the look in his eye. Why was he still so hot, even when he was pissing Quackity the hell off-?

All of the sudden he's caught up in it, anger and arousal churning in his chest as Techno pushes him away, mouth slanted in a frown.

"I haven't told you to leave once while you were here. If you want to go, then feel free, but don't leave because of some reason you made up in your head." Technoblade sounded bored, almost like he was talking about potatoes and not Quackity's feelings.

"Fucking stop me then." Quackity says as he turns around sharply, walking towards the portal,

wings snapping to attention behind him.

He's on the ground a second later, and it's only painful for the moment it knocks the breath out of him.

Technoblade has hands on his shoulders, pressing them into the ground firmly.

"Quackity, can you stop acting like a child for a moment?" His wings flare.

He wants to cry, knocked to the ground with Techno on him, his head dusted in soil and his mind running a million miles an hour.

He kind of wants Technoblade to lean in and bite him.

Technoblade shifts forward with his weight on one of Quackity's shoulders, and the pain makes him audibly moan. He pulls away fast- Quackity almost whimpers at the lack of contact. He wants Technoblade to want him, wants him to stay.

He should be embarrassed by how turned on he is by this.

"Quackity hell, I didn't mean to hurt you, let me just-" He goes to get up and Quackity almost yells, wings flapping around them.

"Don't, don't get up, don't leave-" He sounds so desperate, it makes him sick to his stomach. Everyone always leaves him, not again, please he would do anything. He is such a hypocrite, pushing Techno away until it looked like it was too late.

Technoblade is making calming purrs as he puts his palms to Quackity's shoulders again, who relaxes almost instantly. He feels fucked that the only thing he could think about was the fact that Techno could purr(or whatever the piglin equivalent of the behavior was called).

"I.." Technoblade starts.

"Just touch me, touch me, bite me, *mi tesoro, mi rey* , touch me-"

Technoblade is almost curious as his hands bury themselves in his wings, pinning him down firmly, and pressing down harder when encouraged by Quackity's whines.

"I, hn, what the fuck, pig-man -" His voice sounds elated, despite his words.

He's briefly panicked, but at the same time, he's so aroused he doesn't care.

"So, you have to pin me down to dominate me? Newbie." Quackity says it sounds weak, but Technoblade just growls at him lowly, nails digging into his wings, which makes him yelp.

"Ehehee, let's not do that-" He starts nervously, writhing on the ground under Technoblade. "Didn't you want me to not ignore you?"

"Oh, fuck you-"

Technoblade snarls at him, and he feels the sudden urge to run, he feels like he's not equal to the man pressing him into the ground. It's fleeting, and he tells himself that Techno wouldn't hurt him, that they were friends.

Except, Technoblade *would* hurt him without a second thought- he had in the past.

He's fine with it thought, all up until Technoblade starts talking.

"I wish I had wings so I could pin yours down with them, so I wouldn't even have to use my hands." Quackity wishes briefly that Technoblade would just shut up like he did last time. The words make him moan, and settle in with the pleasure and pain Techno's grip on his wings is creating. His face is pressed against the dirt, he can feel tiny rocks in the matter digging into his cheek, more soil getting mashed into his hair.

He imagines Technoblade with wings, how utterly massive they would be. Pressing down on him and dominating him. It makes him whine, especially when Techno licks a line up the side of his neck to bite harshly on his jaw. Teeth indenting the jawline, and when Technoblade chuckles into his neck, he can feel the air cold on his skin.

"You just want me to eat you, don't you? Wonder if your wings would bleed if I bite into the muscle in them? Would they? And you have such beautiful wings, they look so pretty, filthy with the dirt you're squirming in."

"S-shut up, shut up-" Quackity starts, he's not a bitch, he doesn't fucking do this -

"You wanted this, you've been bothering me for days- don't you dare tell me to shut up. I hate seeing you upset, it bothers me."

He has no right to sound that nice when his mouth was dangerously close to the soft, fleshy areas of his upper body that could easily be used to kill him. It makes some primal part of him go crazy.

His mouth closes over the back of Quackity's neck, sharper and blunt teeth scraping over the bony knob of his spine and he resists a scream as Technoblade bites the back of his neck. He feels like he's getting pinned down to get fucked. Immediately his mind buzzed with the urge to submit. He had no idea if Techno knew about the mating habits of avians, but the teeth on his neck make his instincts soar.

He lets out a pained trill, harsh and desperate and moaning, and his wings flare under Techno's hard grip, only to be forced down by arms much stronger than his. Techno pushes his wings down even harder, grinds down further- Quackity makes a noise almost like a scream, muffled only by the dirt in his face. Technoblade merely chuckles into his ear in response and sucks on the mark he made on Quackity's neck with a strange tenderness he'd never seen from him before.

He stops pressing down on his wings, but Quackity's too dazed to move, the bite making him feel a way he didn't expect it to. Technoblade lets his fingers slide through the feathers gently, some catching on the claws slightly.

It feels mocking, almost sweet.

"Pretty bird, pretty birdie. You are all so quiet now." It's so soft, Techno's voice in his ears. Letting the warmth in his stomach double, Quackity lets out a chirp as he arches his back into Techno, resting quietly on his stomach. The softness, and the hard lines of Techno's body on his makes some part of him want to please Technoblade. A blurred part of his mind agrees, and he dismisses the idea of regretting this until later.

It makes Quackity bare his neck, in some avid gesture to submit. He feels naked even though he was fully clothed, his instincts are a mix of *yes, yes, harder, bite me, and run, you need to run, get to safety, danger and stay, don't leave, he wants you* .

It's a complete mess in his head, almost too much.

He can hear Technoblade's breath hitch, but he's too out of it, far too stuck in his own mind to think about what it implies.

"You enjoy this."

Quackity wants to disagree, but he can't breathe, not with how he's holding his breath as Techno slides his hand back around Quackity's neck. Anticipation rose in him like a tidal wave, he doesn't even know what he's expecting.

Technoblade's hand snaps from its place on his spine to his jaw. He turns Quackity's head, and it's almost painful but it *isn't*-

Technoblade meets his eyes, staring down at him, and leans closer. Quackity is completely lax under him, a mix of being too terrified to move and being perfectly content not to.

His claw catches on the avian's bottom lip, and he shivers at the feeling of it. Then Technoblade kisses him, slow and languid. The ground is a solid weight under him and Techno is still rooted above him.

Quackity doesn't kiss when he fucks, but he's never wanted to tell Technoblade not to, and what the man doesn't know doesn't kill him. It's dangerous, how soft and comfortable the slide of tongues is as Techno stares at him straight in the eyes when he bites at Quackity's lip.

Quackity too quickly gets attached to things, and he tells himself not to get attached to this.

It makes something else besides arousal rise in him, something that makes it feel like he's floating.

"You are such a sap." His voice sounds utterly destroyed and Technoblade just watches him for a moment.

Quackity wants to tell him to stop, blushing at the look the hybrid is sending him. He gets flustered too easily.

"Stop looking at me like that." Quackity said as Technoblade snorts and rolls his eyes, pulling Quackity back into a smooth kiss. It's not fair that Techno can just calm him down by kissing him.

They spend what seems like hours doing that, ending with Quackity in Technoblade's lap as they make-out, almost high off the taste of Techno. Carving his own piece of Techno's time and space. It feels like something he hasn't had before, something that could easily become addictive.

He told himself that every time their lips met that it would be the last time. Quackity was a liar though, so that didn't mean shit. He fucking hates kissing, how can someone walk through their lives, and know how this feels, how if they kiss someone it could destroy them? He kisses Technoblade nevertheless and tells himself lies, that he hates this.

It's what he thinks as he buries his hands into Techno's long hair, that has long since fallen down from its careful french braid. Pulling away for the thousandth time that day to just stare Techno in the eyes, lips barely brushing, wings fluttering behind him, which Techno has a fascination of, almost always touching them.

"You have feathers in your hair." Technoblade says in something near to awe. Lets his hand touch the dowry feathers that were spread around, usually covered by a beanie.

He wonders if anyone else has seen the Blood God like this, flushed in the winged hybrid's arms, looking almost peaceful. Quackity isn't even turned on, even though the warmth in his stomach is

nice and warm, he's just, it feels...

Nice. Quackity hasn't ever had nice.

"Why are we even doing this, *mi rey*?" Quackity asks, he can imagine the words filtering into Techno's mouth with how close they are.

"Why not? Do you question everything, Quackity? Have you ever taken the time to enjoy something?" There is a hand in his hair, Quackity feels his body melting into the mold of Techno.

"Says the person who kills me almost every time we've done this."

"I can kill you, do you want me to?"

"I will fucking scream, I would murder you, haunt your existence- "

Technoblade was laughing softly when he pulled him in for another kiss. He sounds tired. Probably from dealing with his harvesting all day.

He doesn't go back to Technoblade's island after that. He actually avoids any mention of him. The memory haunts him, and they didn't even do anything, outside of Quackity submitting to him like he was an easy bitch.

Quackity has to be a masochist. He can't stop thinking about it, the hands in his hair, a bite on the back of his neck, smiles being pressed in his neck like tattoos. It hurts.

He tries to forget about it and Technoblade doesn't even bother to contact him, which feels worse because then he knows that the blade doesn't care. It was just a stupid thing, it wasn't like they were friends.

They just made out like lovesick idiots in a garden. It was stupid, Quackity shouldn't be thinking about it, and he doesn't.

Quackity is also a liar.

So when one of his friends asks him to join a SMP, which he usually just joins just to grief for shits and giggles, he accepts.

He needs the distraction, and Tommy is a gremlin- like him, it's not like Technoblade would end up on the server. No way.

Chapter End Notes

HELLO GUYS, I HOPE YALL HAD A GOOD DAY TODAY MUAHHH/P

gn to my spouses, my wives, my baes, bb community, qnb gang, people who like atla, who played animal jam as a kid, my fellow people who are twins, red heads, people who like montero, switches, people who listen to mcr, uhh AND PEOPLE WHO ATE A SNACK TODAY :DDD

moonlight walking, i smell your softness carnivorous and lusting to track you down among the pines

Chapter Summary

quackity runs and gets found

Chapter Notes

oh my god i love my friend so much/p for correcting my spanish bc its still a beginner level. LIKE I CAN KISS YOU RN

also, this is a big boi, I added some words and scenes and I am working on the next chapter :D, I hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

He doesn't even know how he became Vice-President, he thought this whole election thing was a joke at first, and that this server was supposed to be fun. He joined votes with goat face-at least it was bound to make things more interesting.

Then it got serious. Quackity watched a kid and his brother run for their lives. He wants to scream at them to log out, but he can't help but look at how conflicted Tubbo had been acting.

Tommy invited him to this server, and he watches him run out of the town he built with his friends, with his life. Tommy has been friends with him for a long time.

Quackity doesn't know how to feel.

George never fucking shows up anywhere, sleeping like it was going out of style, leaving Quackity stuck dealing with Schlatt on his own. Technically he also had Tubbo, but his presence was more of an inconvenience than help. Quackity watches as he curls further in on himself with every passing day.

Despite it all, it wasn't that bad at first, and he's hung around with Schlatt before and knows the man is a dick. He knows a tyrant when he sees one. It's never pleasant, but it was tolerable.

Eret is awesome. They show Quackity how to walk in heels, with Tubbo laughing at him falling on his face. He almost breaks his ankles, but Eret looks happy with his progress, so he ignores it.

Quackity shape-shifted into her when they hung out one day. It's not something he does often. It's useless for combat.

It was easy to do it in front of people he didn't know well- but in the scenarios he'd built in his head, it felt too intimate of an act to show someone like Technoblade. Like he would be bearing

himself in some way to him. Even when they were strangers.

To Tubbo and Eret, it was a joke, something for them to laugh at when he made a comical expression and stuck his tongue out in a way Eret would never actually do. One hit and the trick would be over, though.

He likes this server, he enjoys it a lot. Likes when Schlatt speaks fucked up Spanish at him, even though he bothers him sometimes. He likes going flying with Tubbo, who says it reminds him of his dad, and likes hanging out with Karl. Quackity likes to look at the sun rising with a house he built himself behind him.

He likes it here, and no one bothers to ask him when he'll leave, it's jarring. Usually, people ask him to leave, at most, two days into joining.

He doesn't want to leave. It's not like he thinks about it. He doesn't.

Instead, he remembers hands worshipping the feathers in his hair every time Schlatt calls his wings dumb. The thought of someone kissing him comes to the back of his mind when he looks at crops being grown. Eret's crown sends him into the memory of thighs around his waist, of someone speaking of stories of gods and people of higher status than he would ever have, slaying monsters and going on quests. A dry chuckle in his mind helps it spiral into one full of pink hair and a mocking figure.

It's not even fair, Technoblade isn't even here and he's everywhere. His dreams are full of him, mouth on his neck and teeth on his jaw, and a voice whispering filthy things in his ears. Warm skin on his, or under a cloak.

It pisses him off, but it makes him sad, more than anything. He misses Technoblade, even though he has no right too. It's like the weeks he spent with Techno are imprinted in his mind, doomed to stay with him forever.

It isn't fair, and he knows Technoblade doesn't miss him at all. How can he?

Quackity doesn't think about it.

Tubbo and him are visiting Eret, they're talking about building a stupid room for shoes or something and he just stares. Eret handed him their crown, and he doesn't know if it's symbolism slapping him in the face or just Eret not wanting their crown to fall off when he chases Fundy around.

It's gut-wrenching when Tubbo asks him if he's okay when he stares at Eret's crown in his hands. He doesn't even realize he's crying until one of his salty tears falls on the crown of gold and slides down the side. It overwhelms him then, how much he wants to go back to Technoblade's island.

Techno doesn't wear his crown when he's farming, he puts it in his inventory. He let Quackity hold it one day, with the sun bearing down on them. Techno had rested his head on Quackity's shoulder, exhaling softly while looking over his handiwork-

"Guys, something's wrong with Quackity." His attention snaps back into focus, pushing the crown into Tubbo's arms.

He tries to push words out his mouth, but they feel jumbled in his throat. There's a hand on his shoulder, and he throws it off.

"Quackity, what's wrong-"

"Leave me the fuck alone." He snaps, his wings splaying out as he tumbles backward, bursting out the door, ignoring the worried looks thrown at him.

...

Quackity doesn't make friends. He doesn't do lovers. He makes acquaintances and partners. He doesn't do nice. He never had.

But he wants to- and he hates Technoblade for putting the image in his mind.

...

He doesn't hang around with them again, and when he has to, he pushes away and jumps around with questions. Quackity has done it before, it's straightforward.

Tubbo looks confused, at why he's pulled away and stopped hanging out with him. Eret seems to pick up on Quackity's hostility and takes a step back as well, almost as if they didn't know what to do.

That's why he hangs out with Schlatt, Schlatt is like him, he doesn't do connections.

That's why he lets the ram hybrid slam him against the wall and ravage his neck. It's isn't nice, it's almost too painful to even be okay. His teeth feel like they're mere moments away from breaking his skin. He is used to this, rough sex that later he regrets. The kind that doesn't get brought up again, forgotten behind counters and moans hidden in skin and bitten lips.

Schlatt is taller than him, and his hands dig into his sides painfully while he's whispering so many things to Quackity at that moment that he can feel his head spin. He picks Quackity up like he weighs nothing.

He feels almost empty, and sex is one of the only ways he knows how to make it go away. So it's what he does.

A hand brushes his wings, and he feels a warning thrill climb up his throat.

"Don't touch my wings, off-limits." Schlatt raises his eyebrows, digs a hand into his chin instead, forcing him to meet his eyes. Quackity shivers at the sensation, uncomfortable and painful.

Schlatt's hair pricks on his face, he's so close to him, he can feel Schlatt's heartbeat under his hand. Smell his cologne and a hint of liquor in the air like it's a part of him.

"Hmm... that's fair." Schlatt's voice is so different than Technoblades, both deep but the tone-

He pushes the president away immediately, panic rising up his chest. The whole point of doing this was to forget about Technoblade. He couldn't breathe.

He can see Schlatt huff and roll his eyes, more than he can hear him over his heart beating in his chest.

"So who's the guy?"

Quackity freezes, because no, there is no fucking guy-

"Excuse me-"

"Don't even, I know the look Flatty, he ditch you or something? Is that why you were rubbin' up on

me?" He pulls a cigarette out of his pocket and ignores the way Quackity flinches, lights one up and blows the smoke towards him.

Quackity wrinkles his nose and pushes down the hysteria that's rising in him.

"Oh my god, you're such a dick-" He coughed as Schlatt blew another puff into his face. "I fucking hate you." Quackity spat. He tries to swallow down the way his voice cracks, how it sounds almost hollow. He can feel his wings shaking, exposing the fleeting anxiety rising in his throat like a panic trill.

Schlatt laughs, literally laughs, and Quackity gets the urge to throw him into the wall for less pleasurable reasons.

"Yeah, yeah, hit me up if you want to actually do something, Patty."

When the goat walks out the door, he screams into his hands, and he knows he's fucked.

.

Since Quackity has no sense of self-preservation, and no one really listens to Schlatt anyway, he privately messages Tommy, asking if he wants to go out to eat or something.

He feels kind of bad when the kid responds right after the message is sent, almost desperate. Like he was waiting for anything, and he feels bad for being connected to banishing the kid.

Maybe he should've texted Tommy earlier, he seems lonely.

Tubbo seems almost animated at the thought of seeing Tommy, Quackity realizes why he was mad at Schlatt.

They were kids, and it wasn't fair for two men to tear them apart for pride. Tommy and Tubbo aren't that much younger than him.

Tommy looks tired, more than Quackity has ever seen him before, and when he hugs Tubbo, he knows this is going to be a weekly thing because he hasn't seen Tubbo this happy in a month.

Tommy isn't a touchy person, at all. He's the type to make fun of you if you even remotely hug him. Quackity noticed it a lot.

And he doesn't let go of Tubbo's arm or hand once, almost like he thought he would disappear if he did.

"We can, uh, do this again if you guys want, it won't be a big deal. Not like either of us is going to snitch to Goat Face." Quackity says as he munches on one of the sandwiches he's brought.

"Really, that's so awesome! Maybe I can show you my rock collection, Tubbo-"

...

"So who's going to tell Sam he has to move his house three blocks over?" Fundy says as they look at the property line. They all feel immense dread at the prospect of having to tell him, especially since the hours of effort he'd sunk into detailing it were so clear.

Quackity did not want to deal with an irritated Awesamdude- last time it happened, he had to deal

with falling in random pits on the server for weeks.

"I think we can make an exception, dude is too nice, and he's like what, the only guy that follows the rules in this shithole? Give the guy some of my property so he won't be over my lawn anymore." Quackity says as he clicks his tongue, whistling a song as he hands the tape measurer to Fundy.

.

He starts sending Wilbur a good morning every day. It becomes a measure for him, he does it right before breakfast. It helps remind him to eat as well. The messages were dumb to some extent, come bragging about Manberg and others genuine questions about his health.

The motherfucker never answers him back. Which doesn't necessarily bother him, but it does make him salty.

.

"Sapnap." The man whines and throws his ax to the ground like an overgrown toddler. Quackity just blinks as the man just goes off.

"Not you too!" He groaned. "Just leave m' alone, motherfuckin' christ." Quackity gets whiplash at his tone, wings spreading out behind him at the angry remark.

" *Deja de quejarte por todo*. I was just telling yah that Nicki's pet is off-limits. She's the only person who pays her taxes in this joint. Also, don't touch Tubbo's bees in your little whatever the heck you're doing, it'll make him even sadder."

Sapnap stared at him, the childish fit-throwing subsiding enough for him to get out a single additional remark without moaning about it.

"So ya' not here for Karl?"

Quackity suddenly finds that he has a headache and wonders if this is how Technoblade felt when he first started showing up on his island. His wings flicker in irritation and he is tempted to just walk away.

"What the fuck did you do to Karl?"

.

Quackity thinks he had a crush on Techno. His heart had pounded when the man was neat, and his brain was almost always out of focus. It's like, he could listen to Techno talk for hours, one day when they were farming the piglin did tell him about book. He had read it the night before and he looked absolutely giddy. He had told him about the characters, the way they interacted. What he agreed with and the pacing of the story.

The avian doesn't even like books, but he would read any book that makes Techno this happy, to smile without thinking about it. The piglin usually hid his smiles or when he looked at Quackity, dropped them entirely. It felt like the man, standing there and laughing, was letting his guard down around him.

The man was entranced by almost anything the man did, when he brushed his hair back or snorted.

His ears would twitch and Quackity's eyes would catch on them like it was some sort of light show.

He thinks he misses Technoblade. The few times the man had kissed him. It had made his crush double, but even then, crushes fade. He would just have to wait some time. The man had crashed into his thoughts and smashed everything in it like a bull in a chinashop.

It wasn't his fault that Technoblade was just, he was so smart and just pretty. And like, others may not agree with him because Technoblade is also scary. Quackity never realized such terrifying things could be beautiful.

It's kind of stupid. He imagines what Techno would be like if they had actually been together. If he would've kissed him softly like he did that last day he was there. If he would nudge him in greeting every time he saw him. What it was like to be pressed against the solidness of his chest and just held. If someone as strong as Technoblade would smile and tell him about books he read every day.

Quackity is too sentimental for his own good.

...

He's having lunch with Tommy when it happens. He's fine, Schlatt had kept him all night doing papers that he could barely see by the time they were done with it, so he slept late. He was still sleepy by the time Tubbo dragged them to Tommy's little meeting spot for them.

"Oh, this apple tastes so fucking good, why does it taste so good?" He says as he leans down, his forehead on his knee as he mechanically eats the apple, which tastes better than it should. His wings flutter in happiness.

"You're are such an idiot- oh my shit, oh fuck, I forgot-"

Tommy is screaming, and Quackity flinches so hard one of his wings hits Tubbo in the face. Which he goes to apologize about but Tubbo doesn't care, and he hears the ding of someone joining the server. He doesn't think anything about it, Dream invites people he doesn't know all the time. He doesn't really care much, only if they are really a threat.

Then Tubbo starts jumping up and down instead of rolling his eyes.

"I didn't know he was whitelisted!"

"He's always been invited, it's Big T! Oh my fucking god, this is going to be awesome! Maybe Wilbur will get his shit together now!"

Quackity is about to see who the hell they are screaming about before Tommy trips over Quackity's leg to scurry up.

"Damn, watch where-"

"I TOLD HIM I WAS GOING TO MEET HIM AT SPAWN OH FUCK-"

Quackity looks at the message and freezes, and he swears his heart stops.

[Technoblade has joined the game]

Tubbo and Tommy both jump when Quackity screeches, his hands in his hair as he contemplates his life choices.

"OH, MY FUCKING GOD, *mierda, mierda, mierda, mierda*- " Tubbo goes to pat him on the back, and then his wings flare out.

"Uh, do you not like Techno? I can tell him to leave you alone." Quackity is dragging his hands down his face, half of him just wants to leave the server

"How do you know Technoblade? How, how the fuck? Is this happening?" He sounds crazed, Tubbo is backing up away from him.

Tommy scratches the back of his neck, looks at Tubbo nervously.

"He's my brother, I thought you uh, knew."

Quackity looks at Tommy for a long time, looks at the ground, then looks back at him.

"Can you repeat that, I think I heard you wrong?"

"He's my um, brother?"

Quackity screams louder into his hands.

.

He ignores it as long as he can. Ignores Tubbo's raised eyebrows, because there is no fucking way he's going to get peer pressured by a child to snitch on feelings he's been feeling for months.

Fuck that, fuck this server. He's so close to telling Schlatt to fuck himself before he can stop it, just smiles sharply instead.

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"Karl, the next time you trip, I'm just going to let you fall on your face. I didn't sign up for babysitting your *torpe* ass."

"What the honk is torpy-" Karl asks as Quackity starts screeching when he does trip, almost falling into the mushy snow before Quackity flares his wings and catches him.

"You weren't supposed to actually, holy shit-" Quackity says and laughs. They're deep within God knows where in the snow biome near Manberg. They had been walking for hours, the cold getting to Quackity but he would never say it, he enjoys these moments too much.

It's nice, no- not nice, never nice. It was comfortable, being with Karl as they walked, talking about the stupidest things. Quackity's wings stretch out often as he hears Karl giggle and laugh.

"Eret said you could shape-shift." Quackity wanted to sink into the ground. Every single person in

this server was a fucking snitch.

"I, sometimes?"

"..."

"Don't look at me like that." Quackity full-out sneers, pushing Karl away from him, who's only a few inches taller than him, thank god. Everyone on this server is fucking massive (though Technoblade was definitely taller-) and it wasn't fair.

Why did he have to be short?

"Please, it would be so cool-" Karl looked so excited, like a puppy.

"I don't know why I'm friends with you." He does it nevertheless, feeling his body morph into someone different and lankier. His wings fade away.

Quackity was petite, he had very slim hips and a flat stomach, and you could see his spine, mostly because he forgot to eat sometimes because he was an idiot. Karl was skinny, also, he could feel it, his hands were bigger. Even his tongue felt different.

Karl was enchanted by it.

"I look so pretty." Quackity deadpanned, but it felt different with different features, and the awkwardness was a welcome feeling, though. It's nice to be something other than himself.

"Wow, this is so weird-" Karl cuts off, looking behind him and gasping quietly. He freezes at the terrified look on Karl's face.

"Should I turn around, or like, run?" Quackity says, voice unnatural in Karl's tone.

Karl ditches him, literally says "fuck no-" and runs. Karl fucking left him, and he watches the time traveler disappear in the woods as he pushes down the urge to scream.

Quackity doesn't know if he should be offended, he kind of is.

He turns around and-

Red, Pink, Gold, White.

Quackity feels like he's being punished, seeing the man that haunts him there. Can feel hands that aren't his tremble as he inhales so loud he can hear it in the air, his breath clouding the air.

Technoblade.

.

"Quackity." The winged-hybrid stiffened, he was still morphed as Karl, how in the world could he possibly know? Even though the only animal features Technoblade has are his ears and tusks and claws, he almost looks animalistic and angry.

"I, I'm not-" He starts before Techno starts walking forward, and he yelps in nervousness.

"I can smell you from a mile away." The man's crown is stark against his pink hair and red cape almost flowing behind him as he steps into Quackity's personal space. Is his smell, wait is that an insult?

He pokes Quackity in the forehead, and he melts, literally. His shape flowing and mixing back into him, wings flaring and immediately circling Techno, the fucking traitors. His body is betraying him.

Technoblade raises his eyebrows, brings a hand to a wing, and barely lets his fingers brush it.

"I, uh," Quackity is still in shock, almost nonverbal. What does he even do? He's about to hyperventilate. Technoblade is as tall and life-consuming as ever. The hands in his wing are comforting, and feel so warm against the cold around them. The touch is light, but it takes all of his thought.

Technoblade nudges him so hard he almost falls over, it's not even painful. The man lets a hand wrap around his shoulders so he can rub his cheeks over Quackity's face more thoroughly. He had done this few times when Quackity would visit the island, he never bothered asking why exactly. The man did have a habit of waiting for Quackity to turn his back and nudge him in between his wings.

"Is this like pig shit for hi? The fuck." Technoblade looks guilty at his question, then he laughs. He nudges Quackity again, Quackity returns it without thinking about it. Technoblade seems to literally light up at the action.

"Just piglin stuff, ignore me. How are you, little bird?" Technoblade is watching him intently, almost smirking. Quackity looks at the ax at his side and tries not to preen at the nickname.

"Pretty good, almost got killed by a cow the other day-"

"How? Literally-" Quackity is losing his shit, literally screaming inside his head. The piglin hybrid in front of him looks regal, and deadly at the same time. The cold air bites his skin and he wants to get on his knees and pray. He needs to do something and he can't think straight.

"Go on a date with me!" Fuck, shit, Fuck.

Technoblade's face turns blank.

Quackity wants to die, he wants to grab the ax off of Techno and cut his own head off. Why does he have to sound so desperate? Why does he sound so much like an idiot? He can't even look up, because Technoblade is going to tell him no. Oh fuck what the hell is wrong with him-

"Sure." Quackity can feel himself light up, wings dancing around him for a moment and he looks up into the amused look on Technoblade's face. He feels like he's going to burst from happiness, and that is kind of ridiculous.

"Wait when-" He watches Technoblade roll his eyes gracefully, Quackity never thought that was possible and brought his hand up.

[Technoblade has left the game]

Quackity sits there, almost embarrassed but undeniable giddy.

"He didn't kill me that time!"

...

"Eret, oh my god what do you wear on a date?" He pauses when he walks in, and realizes there are already people in the room. George looks at him with wide eyes.

Oh shit, George was going to snitch like the dramatic bitch he was.

"You're going on a date?" He can hear Fundy screech, looking like he just ran halfway through the castle.

He kind of wants to die again, and he doesn't deserve this. Fundy is shaking him and his ears are sticking in the air as he jumps up and down. The man's tail swishing back and forth.

"I got you Quackity." Eret grinned wide as they walked forward towards him.

...

"Well, no offense Quackity, but you are built like a fucking teenager." Fundy says as he hands him another suit. The man just stares at it. He hasn't worn a suit since the Election.

"So, when is the date?" Quackity is just staring at the suit. He tries to find a way to tell them he has no flipping idea how to put it on, and where his wings are going to go.

"I don't know." He watches Eret snatch the suit back from him and hand him a long-sleeved shirt that looked more expensive than his whole outfit.

It was gray, and the material was soft, and this feels like the stuff he puts in his nest when he makes one. He honestly liked it.

He hasn't made a nest in a while. Maybe he should later.

"Oh, this is so nice." Eret smiles and George just grabs it and stabs two holes in it smoothly and more efficiently than he should be able to.

Everyone in the room stares at the smaller human, and he thinks Eret just had a mini heart attack.

"What the hell?"

"Did you guys forget about his wings, Jesus." Quackity was more alarmed at how the hole wasn't too big or too short his wings couldn't fit. They were almost the perfect size for when he moved his wings in a certain way to make them not stretch the fabric and rip it.

He looks at George with a suspicious look and the man stares impassively back

"You have to tell me before you do that, Fundy take that knife away from him in my closet right now-" Eret started before Quackity took over.

"How the hell did you know how big it needed-"

"I'm not taking that knife from George. Hell no." Fundy says as he backs up with his hands in the air.

George pinches his nose in annoyance, throws the knife on the counter. He sees Fundy flinch and his ears flatten at the action. The sound stabbing into the air harshly.

"You are all idiots. I'm surrounded by idiots. I'm leaving-"

"Aww, I know you love us, Gogy."

He laughs when the man whirls and glares at him.

.

"So let me get this straight, you panicked when talking to someone and asked them out on a date." Quackity didn't want to tell him about the whole mess, so he just nodded.

"They said yes." George added, Quackity felt like he was judging him. Like they were all judging him.

"Yeah, I, uh, what's the point?" Quackity says nervously, holding the shirt and pants Eret had got him in his hands.

"Do you even know this person?"

Quackity doesn't know how to tell them how he tried to get in a guy's pants, got ghosted, then bothered the fuck out of said guy, kind of became his friend, made out with him, and then ghosted him.

"Yeah, a little." Quackity says, wiping his nose.

"I uh, pray tell, who is it?" Eret says as they cross their legs, drinking god knows what out of a wine glass.

"Technoblade."

He watches Eret choke and spit out his drink mid swallow and hear Fundy wheeze beside him. George slams his head against the counter.

"You are all some dramatic bitches, dear lord."

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Tommyinnit whispers to you: HOW THE FUKC ARE YUO GOING ON A DAET WITH MY BROTEHR YOU TRAITOR

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"Why the fuck are you going on a date with Technoblade." Quackity slowly turns around to look at the President of Manberg.

"No particular reason." Quackity feels like he's going to die, and this is it. He's getting kicked out. He's losing his job and all his titles.

Schlatt shrugs. "Got me there." Quackity wants to die all over again.

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Technoblade whispers to you: So,,, where's the date at

You whisper to Technoblade: you decide

Technoblade whispers to you: I am a very indecisive person

Quackity is on his bed, brain scrambling to think of anything that won't make him look like an idiot.

You whisper to Technoblade: uh, want to go to uh where do people go to dates at

Technoblade whispers to you: So the whole time you asked me out on a date, you had no idea where to go.

You whisper to Technoblade: Fine, do you want to go on a picnic with me?

Technoblade whispers to you: Of course, I would.

Quackity muffled his screaming with a pillow, and he wanted to back out so bad. But he wallows in his hole like the loser he is.

.

He meets Technoblade by a river. He feels more nervous than he had when Technoblade was about to kill him one time. It sits in his gut and rots there, and he wrings his hands as he waits for the man to appear.

Technoblade is wearing a blouse and black pants. Black pants, a smooth sash around his waist.

Jesus fucking christ Technoblade has some nice fucking thighs, he can see the muscle in them through the fabric.

It's okay, Quackity totally doesn't stare at Technoblade's thighs every five seconds, and those pants do him a lot of justice oh my god he's going to explode from embarrassment. Technoblade's hair is also hanging out like a shower around him, not in its usual braid. His shirt looks like it's from a fucking model line.

Why does he look like a model? It's not fair-

"Bro, you look so pretty it's not funny." Technoblade covers his mouth as he laughs at him, sitting on the blanket they have set out.

Technoblade is having a picnic with him, and it's surreal.

"You look pretty good yourself."

" *Tesoro. Tesoro. Tesoro.* " He wants to say the words into Technoblade's stomach, so they would enter inside the man across from him and make him see just how much he meant the words. He

just says them into the man's hand instead. Lps rushing against the rough palm.

"Quackity, I only know like three words in Spanish, and those are not among them." The winged hybrid flushed, wigs puffing up as he dropped Technoblade's hand.

"Ignore me, I'm being stupid." It's moronic how nervous he is right now. He wants to grab Techno's hand again as he stares at him. He opens the basket and offers Technoblade a sandwich instead.

"I have no idea what I'm doing right now."

Technoblade hums while he takes a bite out of the sandwich, and he can see a flash of fangs for a second.

"Well, what do you want to talk about?" Quackity stares at him like he's batshit. Technoblade chuckles and tries again.

"Want to tell me about yourself?" The avian sticks out his tongue and flexes his wings.

"Well, you know me. I've been rising in status." Quackity laughs at the dull look on Technoblade's face. Of course he said something that Technoblade didn't like.

"Governments are stupid." The man has to stop himself from replying that Technoblade was stupid, which he didn't think in the slightest.

"Sounds like a you problem." Quackity says as he watches a strand of Technoblade's hair fall off his shoulder. The small action was entrancing to watch.

"Well, as you probably know, murdering people is one of my hobbies." Technoblade starts. "But I also like to read." Quackity could imagine Technoblade reading a book by a fire, cloak covered in dry blood from all the people had slaughtered throughout the day. He remembers Techno talking about the book he read months ago and blushes hard.

"I can play music." He says, trying to cover his face. The piglin hybrid's ears twitch, and he can feel his wings tilt towards the other man almost in response. He wonders if Techno would melt if he scratched behind his ears, the thought seems stupid.

"Deadass?"

"Yeah, wait, I have my guitar with me watch-" He pulls it out of his inventory and watches Technoblade huff.

Quackity is suddenly embarrassed at how enthusiastic he was.

"I erh-" Quackity's face is on fire as Technoblade waits for him to play.

Technoblade snorts at him, and they both delve into nervous giggles.

"I'm not that good-"

"Quackity you probably sound fine-"

"Ah-"

"Just play, oh my fucking god." Quackity yelps when he gets a piece of tomato thrown at him. Technoblade is only giving him a look he could do, mocking and blank, but amused at the same

time. Like he was a god dealing with a mortal.

So he stands up and starts playing a few chords, holding notes together to make something with shaky hands that sounds remotely okay. Letting his fingers pluck the strings and the noise filter in the air.

Slowly but surely, he makes a song, playing a rhythm to the beat of breathing in the air. The time of the thoughts racing in his mind.

Technoblade is looking at him like he hung the stars, and he stops playing as the man on the blanket stands up and reaches for him.

Technoblade steps towards him and his world spins. There isn't a way that he could describe the man that would sound right, and he feels like that is the biggest failure he has.

" *No sabes cuanto quiero besarte ahora mismo.* " He said out of breath, he watches Technoblade inhale sharply, his hands falling, and his guitar falls back into his inventory.

"You can't do that, I don't even know what you're saying. It's not fair, you can't sound like that and not tell me what you are saying."

Quackity shakes his head, he grabs Techno's hand.

"It's stupid, I'm stupid. I just-"

"I, keep doing it. It's fine just, don't stop talking. Talk to me." He sounds so out of breath, like he can't look at Quackity and work his lungs at the same time, and he looks breathtaking with the way his shirt sits on his shoulders. He looks like he should belong to a throne and not in front of a hybrid on a random SMP. Quackity wasn't worth this attention.

Quackity is shocked when Technoblade grabs him by the arms and brings him closer, and it makes his heart hurt when Technoblade stuffs his face into his hair. Being pulled into Technoblade's arms, wings sheltering Technoblade's back. It's so fucking painful that he knows this won't last.

"*Y si quiero quedarme contigo? Por favor, quédate conmigo. Carajo. No se como decírtelo de manera en la que entiendas. Es que no sé lo que digo, perdón.*" Quackity is saying it so fast he doesn't think it's understandable at all, and Technoblade is holding him steady to him. Thumbs brush his cheeks as if they are afraid pressing into his skin would shatter him.

He wonders what Technoblade would say if he could understand him.

Technoblade still answers, nevertheless.

"I don't know why you left Quackity, but I missed you." Large and warm hands are still on his face. Hands that had held his wings down and also thread through them. They could probably kill him so easily.

He wants to apologize for leaving, but he can't get the words out of his mouth. Technoblade must see something in his face, because he's pulling Quackity to kiss him, and it's so gentle, so light. It's not desperate at all, Technoblade's body is warm and hard against him. Technoblade has to lean down to kiss him and that fact makes his head spin. All he can feel is the man around him.

Quackity has never been kissed like this, and Technoblade just pulls away and does it again. His hands are going through Quackity's wings and he shivers at the feeling of it.

"I might cry if you keep doing that."

Technoblade laughs and does it again, nuzzles his face.

Quackity wants to kiss him again and oh, he's fucked. The feeling of it hits him so fast he jerks back, panic hitting him hard.

"Oh shit, look at the time I got to go."

Quackity has left the game

.

Quackity is staring at a Roblox lobby. Fuck it, he might as well ruin that with his dignity.

He wants to stay with Technoblade, wants Technoblade to find him the whole time he's on this stupid other server and drag him back to him. Wants Technoblade to fucking want him and not fucking toy around with him.

Technoblade doesn't have friends, he's never seen any. Quackity is just something amusing to him. Something for him to taste and spit out when he's done.

He knows what it looks like, he's done this before. Quackity has been lured in by kisses that hurt and told that he was perfect. Then dumped as soon as the other person was bored.

.

Quackity has a plan, don't kiss Technoblade ever again. Boom, problem solved. Making a set of rules for himself as if it means something. Don't do any romantic interaction with Technoblade.

Quackity never followed the rules though, even his own.

.

Technoblade becomes an active part of his life again. He drags him to Manberg to everyone's surprise. The air around them is almost dry, but Technoblade is still one of the people he's most comfortable around, even with the awkward air around them.

He wants to yell at Technoblade to kiss him, fuck him against a tree when they walk past one to go to Nicki's bakery. He just wants Technoblade to do something because he's too scared to.

No one knows how to react to him dragging him around the place. Showing him everything and pushing him to do things that no one else would dare to.

Fundy looks like he's going to shit himself when he introduces him to Technoblade. He leaves as soon as Quackity turns his back.

Technoblade was so quiet in public, his humor sharper. Almost a completely different person. A

freaking terror. Quackity found it endearing.

Eret looks almost gleeful when they see Technoblade.

"Quackity said you were tall, but I almost thought he was exaggerating." Technoblade was, he stood a few inches taller than the person in front of him. Quackity felt short and his wings dipped.

"It's okay Quackity, you're the perfect size to bust somebody's knee caps." Technoblade says as he looks at Eret's crown with a judging look.

"I fucking hate every single person on this server."

.

"So we are hosting a festival." Schlatt says, eyeing the pen at his desk before he grabs it and fiddles with it.

"Yep." Quackity says as he throws the stack of papers he did today on the table beside Schlatt, who just lets out a breath of smoke.

"Bring your boy toy." Quackity's wings flatten and he can feel his shoulder tense, feeling resentment rise within him.

"You won't be the one to have to deal with his complaining. And he's not my boy toy." Schlatt grins at him in the way he does when he learns something funny.

"Yeah, yeah, get the fuck out of my office Flatty."

.

Technoblade has been quiet the times they have hung around each other, more hesitant to nudge him in greeting.

It hurts more than it should. The quietness that is here now instead of the comfort of Techno's chuckles.

He watches Technoblade turn towards him, looking like he wanted to punch Quackity in the face. He wants to ask what's wrong and-

Then Technoblade explodes.

"I'm never going on a date with you again." Technoblade sounds mad, it makes Quackity flinch back. Quackity feels shame grip him, he was just a fucking coward. This is the part where Technoblade fights with him and tells him that he doesn't want to see Quackity again.

"Was it that bad?" Quackity feels like crying, and he hates that it is almost obvious in his voice. It seems to make Technoblade even more irritated.

"Quackity, I've noticed a pattern, every time we make out, you ghost me. I get you don't like commitment but Jesus-" The winged hybrid can feel his wings pulling close to his back, showing his discomfort.

"I do not-"

Technoblade grabbed him softly by his wing, pulling on it with no force and Quackity still leaned in with the motion, captivated by Technoblade's actions. He should fucking pull away, Quackity

shouldn't let himself get used like this.

"What do you even want? I can't-" Quackity stops, he doesn't know what he's saying.

"What do you want to do? How about that?" Technoblade doesn't wait for him to respond, before leaving him in the middle of the woods.

He watches him walk away and his eyes burn.

Quackity's wings wrap around him as he starts to sob, palms digging in his eyes as he tries to stop.

.

You whisper to Technoblade: want to go to the festival with me?

*Technoblade whispers to you: *festival*

You whisper to Technoblade: fuck you

Technoblade whispers to you: I was already going anyway

You whisper to Technoblade: oh

Technoblade whispers to you: I can go with you though.

Quackity smiles, then he feels like crying.

...

The Festival is a shit show. Schlatt never trusts a fucking person, he should've known that before he got thrown into a cage. Should've known the second Schlatt started his stupid speech.

No one wants him to be beside them. No one, not Technoblade, not Tubbo who just follows Tommy, not even fucking Schlatt.

"Fuck you, what the fuck-" He can see Schlatt roll his eyes and the confused murmur of the crowd beneath them.

"You think I wouldn't realize Quackity? The fact that my own right-hand man was fucking around with my enemies. Meeting and Fraternizing with my sworn adversaries. The person I trusted to help run this country goes behind my back and betrays everything this country stands for. You make me fucking sick."

Quackity was letting out an angry trill, and if he wasn't so anxious about being in an enclosed space he would've tried to hit him through the bars.

He doesn't like the fact that he can't even fully stretch his wings out.

"Is this really the right way to go, this is Big Q-"

"Don't fucking question my decision Tubbo, you have no power here." For a moment, Quackity thinks he can hear Tommy, but he knows the kid is nowhere near here.

"Don't talk to Tubbo like that, you drunk bitch-" Quackity starts and he can hear Eret saying something, but it's not loud enough for him to hear it.

"I can do whatever the fuck I want to do, and in fact, Technoblade come up here, why don't yah?"

Quackity is stricken then, how much he's let Schlatt fall.

Technoblade looks carefully molded, ready to run, ready to kill when Quackity can see him. The piglin hybrid's ears are flat on his head as he looks down at Quackity. Quackity can't breathe, he knows no one likes him, but he doesn't know why it has to be like this.

"I want you to take him out." Technoblade looks at Schlatt like he just saw him.

"Out of the cage or dinner? It doesn't look too comfortable for his wings in there."

"I want you to fucking take him out. Splatter his brains on the walls, stab his heart out. You know what I mean." Technoblade is back to being unreadable, and he can hear people screaming from the crowd. No one bothers to stop what's happening.

Technoblade's face is blank.

"I feel like I'm being peer pressured right now." He raises the crossbow up, steady as ever.

Quackity doesn't want him to shoot. More scared of Technoblade hating him enough to kill him than actually dying. He doesn't want to be in this stupid fucking cage. He can't breathe in because there is no room, and all he can hear is people screaming-

He's staring down the bridge of a crossbow, and he's never wanted Technoblade to kiss him more.

Technoblade just puts the crossbow on his shoulder and turns back to the President. Quackity is embarrassed about how relieved he is, but then he's terrified.

He wants to cry, it's not fair. No one has ever chosen to go against something for him-

"You want me to kill the only person I'm friends with on this server." Quackity can feel tears prick his eyes, he's so glad he's on the ground, and no one from the audience can see him. Technoblade does though, and he can see the man's frown deepen. Quackity has to stop himself from apologizing. He tries not to make a sound as tears leave his eyes.

"Did I stutter? Let's not play games, kill him, or you die. I want to see Quackity's face when you blow his head off."

"Jokes on you, he's into that shit." Quackity's voice is loud as hell, he won't be surprised if the crowd of people below heard it.

Quackity can hear someone screech from the audience and someone else screaming language. Oh great, he's getting murdered in front of BadBoyHalo. It still sounds like chaos, Tubbo is pleading with Schlatt, and he can hear Eret louder than he's ever been. Technoblade's grip on his weapon is tight, he can see the knuckles of his hand turn white from where he is at.

"Nah, Quackity isn't fazed when you kill him. You choose the wrong person to execute." With that, Technoblade shoots the President without another word. Time seems to freeze, then it explodes.

"What the fuck?" Quackity says as Technoblade shoots Punz, and with one hand rips the bars of his cage and throws it straight into BadBoyHalo who goes flying with the force of it.

Quackity has no fucking idea what's going on, but Technoblade has blood covering him, and he can see Eret getting the hell out of there in the corner of his eye. Quackity wants to do the same. He watches Technoblade shoot into the crowd and the screams get louder before they get quieter. He turns to Quackity.

Technoblade looks absolutely feral, and he looks so terrifying Quackity might just die. He stalks up to Quackity, who feels like he's being crushed by the walls around him as he gets closer. Quackity wants to be anywhere but here.

He stops himself from pressing against the wall as Techno gets closer, trying to not scream when Technoblade picks him up and throws him over his shoulder in a swift movement. He barely has the idea to make sure his wings don't slap Technoblade in the face as he scrambles against the taller man's back.

"Put me the fuck down!"

He doesn't, he ends pearls with Quackity on his shoulder instead.

.

Quackity feels overwhelmed, he doesn't know if Tubbo's okay, or what had happened, and Technoblade's hands were searching his body for any injuries.

He winced when Technoblade touched a bruise on his back, from when Schlatt had thrown him into the cage-

It hits him then, that Schlatt betrayed him, he couldn't go back, his house, Eret, Tubbo, George-

"You need to breathe, Quackity breathe with me." Technoblade's voice still sounds different, almost as if he's only half there. There are hands in his wings, almost calming him instantly.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry-"

And he was, for more things than one.

.

So he's part of Pogtopia, according to Tommy as the teenager drags a traumatized looking Tubbo behind him. Tommy barely got him out of the crossfire.

"Big Q, I'm so sorry, I just sat there and-"

"Tubs it's fine, it's not your fault." He wraps his arms around Tubbo as he looks like he's going to cry. His wings wrap around Tubbo, and Quackity almost wants to sink in with how warm Tubbo was.

...

They are sitting there, he's watching Technoblade make a cake in his part of the base, sitting on a cabinet.

He watches the man's hands work the mix, and add all the ingredients up and stir them. Technoblade sticks hands in the sugar, smirks before he flicks some at Quackity, who giggles. He feels so much lighter, without having to worry about the things he usually has to do. The wall in front of him is made of stone, and he hasn't got used to that yet.

The winged hybrid has been here for two days, never leaving Technoblade's side. Nicki had appeared but, he hadn't seen Wilbur once. The coolness of the rock is almost harsh against his skin, he almost wants to go flying.

Being here is better and worse at the same time, and Technoblade's hands are so pale against the dark bowl he's holding. He can see the fine lines of his fingers, the muscle, and sharp bone of his wrist.

"Give me your hand."

Technoblade doesn't really think about it, setting the bowl down as he gives Quackity his hand, watching him intently.

"It's not fucking fair, your hands are massive." Quackity is holding his hand to his face, looking at the slight claws on the end of his fingers like it's gold.

"What does that have to do-" Technoblade cuts off fast when he feels Quackity sticks his finger into his mouth, slowly at first. He tasted the sugar on them, letting his tongue slide against it. The feeling jarring because his hand could cover Quackity's whole face.

Technoblade shivers and his ears catch all of the wet sounds Quackity is making as he adds another finger into his mouth, eyes not falling from his, pulling them out to lick right down the middle of them and then suck them back in.

He's frozen, feeling Quackity grab his wrist and push him back onto the counter with another, hand digging in the fabric of the shirt by his side. Technoblade just pulls both of them back to the bed instead, and Quackity stares at him the whole time with lidded eyes, never letting the man's fingers out of his mouth.

Quackity has been attracted to Technoblade's hands ever since he had held down Quackity's wings with them. This is the shit he thinks about doing when he jerks off at night. He can feel the soft fabric of Technoblade's bed as he pressed Technoblade into it.

Quackity pulls his fingers out of his mouth to stare at Techno, and he kisses the tips softly. He can feel Technoblade's fingers shaking on his lips. These fingers had held a crossbow at him and didn't shoot. Technoblade leans back and pulls Quackity into his lap.

"You could've killed me, why didn't you..." Technoblade's other hand tilts his chin up so their eyes are even, with the way he's sitting in Techno's lap.

He leans in to stick his head in Quackity's neck. He can feel Technoblade pressing against him against his thighs, and he whines at the feeling. He wants Technoblade to ruin him, or moreso ruin him, and feels the man scent Quackity's neck like he's about to take a bite. He feels like he might explode with how much he wants to touch Technoblade right now.

Quackity wants to go back in time to before everything fucked itself, but at the same time he doesn't.

"Why would I?" The man says into his neck, kissing the skin with a hesitance that spoke of how he didn't know if he could do something more. Quackity can feel the smooth sharpness of his tusks, barely brushing his skin. It's exhilarating.

He wants to fuck Technoblade into the mattress they are on, or Technoblade to hold him down and fuck him until he can't walk. He's fine with either, at this point.

Quackity is almost terrified, how much he feels right now. Something he doesn't know how to name. Technoblade doesn't stop him, Technoblade doesn't want him-

Except he does, doesn't he? He wouldn't be doing this if he didn't.

He also wants to kiss Technoblade, so for the first time in all the times it has happened, he kisses Technoblade first. It doesn't make him panic, but it's just as dangerous. The hand on his chin tightens and Quackity sighs as Technoblade does this maddening thing with him, and they don't stop for anything because Quackity feels like he would die if he pulled away.

It's just as addicting, the slide of tongues and Technoblade memorizing his mouth all over again, just as fervently as he did before. Nipping his lip and making him moan. Quackity trails a hand up his legs slowly just to feel the man shiver.

Technoblade whimpers into his lips as he squeezes a thigh, and Quackity pulls away at the sound.

"Don't tell me," Quackity says as he brings both of his hands to Techno's thighs, and he can feel the man full-body shiver below him.

"Are your thighs always this sensitive?" The hybrid doesn't answer, just moans weakly, arches his back when Quackity kneads the meat of his thighs, hips moving back and forth. Almost completely different than he was moments before, and he can see the man's chest flush.

The bird-hybrid wings are wrapping around them as the man under him tries to hide his face in the blanket under them, flushed.

"You look so pretty, under me like this, *mi rey*." Eyes catch him in a hot gaze and, maybe Technoblade does like it when he speaks to him in Spanish.

"You are such a fucking sap-" Technoblade starts before Quackity stops the words with a harsh squeeze of his hands, hushing at him. When the piglin hybrid throws his head back and chokes on a moan, Quackity croons deep in his chest and lets his hand go up the hybrid's leg even higher when he raises it. Shifting his body down to press his face into Technoblade's legs.

He's dropping praise like it's a prayer, speaking into Technoblade's clothed thighs.

He is half tempted to just tear Technoblade's pants off just so he can bite into it, and lick the muscle.

"If you keep looking at me like that instead of touching me, I might just kill you again."

Technoblade laughs at the face he makes and then pulls him up as he sits up. The man's body is so warm under Quackity he can feel himself relax. Looking like he wants to slam Quackity against a wall, as he wraps his arms around his waist.

"Are you hugging me right now, stop. I want to suck your dick-"

Technoblade shakes his head.

"You are so much smaller than me, I feel like I could break you by just squeezing your waist," Technoblade says as he holds him tighter to him, their chests pressing against each other and Technoblade has Quackity's head under his chin.

"You are so beautiful," Quackity stops breathing, and his heart feels like it's being flooded. "I want to bury myself in your wings every single time I see you. If you were a book, I would never get

tired of reading you." Quackity can't help but think about Technoblade speaking about books and how much he enjoys them.

Technoblade's hands are tracing patterns where his wings meet his back, tiny fluffy feathers and sensitive flesh.

It's not hot, him comparing him to a book, it's not-

Quackity melts like butter, and he blames Technoblade's hands massaging his wings.

"That's not fair, you can't use your soft voice on me-"

Techno sounds so happy and he-

Quackity doesn't want to be here all of the sudden, he doesn't deserve to be here. He's pushing Technoblade away from him and the hybrid looks worried.

"Are you okay, did I do something-"

It's not Technoblade, it's him. With his stupid fucking problems and issues and he starts sobbing at the fact that Technoblade is concerned for him. It was always coming down to this. It's like something switches in his brain, too fast to think thoroughly about. He needs to leave.

"Quackity holy fuck,"

He's halfway to the door, he needs to leave, it feels like he's back in the stupid cage.

He's out the door as he hears Technoblade calling him back.

Chapter End Notes

coughs, i uh. gn to the bb people, my qnb babes, my spouses, everyone i married, my lovelies, people who give me carrots, people who send me cursed furby pics, people who drank water today, people who like The Beatles, and people who like carrots
:DDDD

THANKS FOR READING!

guys bookmark this something funny it's my favorite thing ever pleas WNSNSND
LIKE LMAO

i want you stuffed into my mouth, hold you down and tear you open, live inside you

Chapter by [Syash](#)

Chapter Summary

quackity has some realizations

Chapter Notes

SORRY THIS TOOK SO LONG AND IS SUCKY :SKULL:, throws update at you and runs away.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It is raining.

Something he notices as soon as he slams out of the place they had been staying at, soaring through Pogtopia and up the stairs, not knowing how long he had walked or how far, is that he was fucking lost. Which is so surprising, he sarcastically thinks. He just presses himself a tree and huddles close to himself, a picture of patheticness.

Quackity is woven with impulsiveness, riddled with self-doubt to the point it engulfs him. Swallows him whole, vores him or some shit, some rancid thought pops in his head and says his decisions were the worst options. He just sits back against the bark harder, feeling living stillness dig into his back and press against his hair.

He genuinely wants to die, right there in the pouring rain under that tree. He is a water animal, a duck hybrid through and through, and his wings are water-resistant, at the least. He *was* a duck-hybrid, so it would be funny if the Gods decided to rain down their bullshit and make him sick from the rain. Being a waterfowl and all. And it was almost sad.

Imagine being made to live in something and getting sick because of it.

It is comfortable though, the way water washes down him like liquid regret, churning feelings in his gut make him nauseous. Maybe the fact is also how the rain bites into his skin, faking a comfortable feeling when he feels the harshness of how cold he is.

There was this one time, one time that he had fallen in a frozen lake. The water biting his skin made the feeling now seem nonexistent. One of his friends had told him once that freezing feels like being eaten alive. A million pins piercing your skin and ripping it apart.

The warmth feels like such a distant memory that it seemed like he had never had it. He has no idea how to fit his agony into words, for a way to ever communicate his pain. To have everything around you fucked up because the words won't escape your chest the right way. No matter how they stutter out of your mouth and smolder in there.

For someone who depended on words so much, Quackity did never know how to say the right ones. Now he was alone. He wonders if it hurts Technoblade when Quackity kisses him. Does it make him ache the same way the avian does when the man pulls him close and presses his body against his? He can't think about this.

What is he going to do? This is the question he should be asking. He is kind of probably, and obviously, not allowed back into Manberg. He would rather die than go back to Pogtopia near Technoblade right now because he has embarrassed himself enough thank you very much.

Quackity pulls up a map and stares hard at a spot he knows that could, in some words, be open to him. Would he really risk it, though?

You whisper to GeorgeNotFound: can I stay at your place?

He stares hard at the message for a while, half expecting the man to not answer. He did leave him after all.

So there is Quackity again, wondering what he did in his past life to deserve his own stupidity. Who did he shit on or had a poor fuck with because this shit was ridiculous? He hears the small ding of a whisper to him, but for half a moment, the energy to look at it escapes him. The avian sits under the rain, taking in the cold like he deserves nothing less.

He lets his eyes lie on the message, breathing in relief.

GeorgeNotFound whispered to you: You dumb fuck, of course, you can.

...

The door slams open to his house, and George watches Quackity walk in.

"Quackity, stop getting water all over my floor. You have no manners."

The walls are wood, and he could probably press on them hard enough to suffer a splinter. His house is clean, detailed, and organized. And he does feel like the mud he is drudging into this house.

The wetness on his clothes made him shiver, but the tears in his eyes made him feel like he was about to boil alive. The ghost of arms around his waist reminds me of the thing he just ran from.

"Stop crying.

"Fuck you, George," Voices are something that Quackity specializes in, not like Technoblade, who has voices screaming in his head for the slight of spilled blood, but tones. He can read people, sometimes. And George sounds concerned, and fuck Quackity doesn't need the man worried for him. It makes him feel worse, also it harder to think.

George is like, when you are choking on a dry biscuit. Like swallowing something for the first time and deeming it is mediocre. Realizing that you will never have proactive relationships because your trust issues run so deep they indent your soul. He is the most repulsive cookie in a bag of dollar store cookies.

"Stop dying on my couch." The man proves his point.

"Mírame, parezco una puta estúpida en el puto suelo. Se me está quejando el cabrón más seco que hay en el puto mundo. Así me va la vida. Sabes qué? Que te follen." Quackity says, shivering as George throws a towel at him.

"Get out of those clothes Quackity, let me grab you some of mine." The avian just ignores him, and he feels like he is digging his own hole. Nothing can get him out of the messes he makes for himself.

"You know how to cut the wing holes," Quackity says when the other man walks in, and George snorts. The man's face is smooth, and some people would even call it beautiful. He mostly thought the man just looked pale as fuck.

"Yeah, I usually shapeshift out of my wings, Quackity."

"Oh." The words fester in his brain for a moment.

"You are a fucking shape-shifter." He hears a snort in response as George ripples in front of him, and it is weird to see someone transform than be the person to transform like he is used to. His wings furl out behind him, stretching out behind the shorter man.

"I don't shape-shift into other people like you. My form is more solid. I can really only alter my own appearance, Quackity can you stop-"

The other avian was poking, and prodding his wings, clicking his tongue. He hasn't got to mess with wings that didn't belong to him in so long. It was nice to smooth feathers and know that George was letting him. They were grey, light, and he had no idea what type. But the movements were calming and repetitive.

The feathers were more fluffy than not. The feathers would make great down for pillows. Quackity has no idea if that train of thought is morbid or not, and decides to drop it.

"We could've been preening buddies, you dick head."

"Quackity I would rather die than be your preening buddy." Quackity tries not to take that to heart, but it does slightly hurt his feelings.

"Fuck you," Quackity starts. "I'm a dumbass." He says a moment later. And god, he really is. He's going to drown in his own stupidity like he was in the rain earlier.

"What did you do?" Quackity gets four sentences in before George just waves him off and interrupts him, Quackity's mouth feels dry and he feels sick to his stomach.

"If you are so sorry, you should go apologize. Gave the most powerful man on this server blue balls, which, uh, good job?"

Quackity stared hard at him and then buried his face into his hands.

He needs to change this conversation, he can't handle this.

"So are you still dating Dream?" George startles and then opens his mouth shocked, as if their relationship had been a secret at all. It was easy to fall into bickering with George after that, letting his mind melt into the endless words to distract himself.

The next few days are awkward as hell, to say the least. He avoids Technoblade like his life depended on it, to the point he thinks the piglin was avoiding him, as well. Which makes it easier and harder to do at the same time. He stays at Pogtopia because George rolls his eyes and tells him to get a life, kicking him out of the wooden walls of suffocation.

Quackity doesn't know what he wants. Technoblade is nice, scary, and horrifying. Also, the feeling of sweaty hands on his neck after farming, threatening smiles and phrases. Soft words on his forehead and nudges against his chest. Phrases he doesn't understand but gets told what they mean.

Fuck, he doesn't like to think about it. He already pretty much told Technoblade he wasn't interested anyway. It's not like the piglin was probably that interested in him anyways.

He has no idea what leads him to want to do the man's garden in Pogtopia for him. The plot is massive, rows upon rows of potatoes. It will presumably take him hours upon hours when Technoblade can do it in two himself.

Doing this is not the most efficient thing he could do. Or the sanest, Technoblade would probably murder the fuck out of him if he saw him.

But still, he sees the man do so much, so when the man goes mining, this was not something he minded doing. He did help him during the potato war after all, digging potatoes and storing them for him. Handing him tools or water. The past was not something to dwell on, so that was selfish of him to think about.

He lacks gloves, so it is just his bare hand digging into the soil over and over again. His fingers ached, and it hurt to stretch them and flex them. He could never dare stop them, though, not halfway done. The hoe helped a lot, but he was just a little clumsy with it. He had been doing it for hours, so he was almost done. Quackity was a dumbass for trying to do this for Technoblade anyway. He wouldn't owe Technoblade anything, but he felt like he already did somehow. The piglin worked harder than anyone else there, so it wasn't too much of a stretch to help him.

Technoblade had told him about potatoes. They prefer cool weather, but frost can kill them. Especially frost at night, and you should always cover them if you could. Technoblade's island had the perfect temperature, so that couldn't have been a problem. Technoblade grew potatoes like he breathed them in and lived in them. He trusted the man with them more than he did anyone else.

You worked the soil, not the calendar. If the temperature of the dirt was hot enough and was at the right moisture and too hard to mess with, then it was fine. You let it dry out. If the soil was too wet the seeds would rot. They need sunlight, the plants did. But Technoblade had worked something with the lights in that cave, and they seemed perfectly fine. Each potato row was three feet apart and looked ready to go.

He knows more about potatoes than he probably should.

The next plant he digs up cusps being fully grown, and he breathes out as he pulls it out. The plant is not nowhere near done, small, too hard. He had picked it off before he was done. He stares at it for a few moments, letting his mind wander. He should've noticed the plant was not done, but his hands ached. His eyes were watery, and he had wiped dirt on his face probably hours ago. He was sweating buckets and had taken his shirt off. The only blessing he had was that he was not in the sweltering sun.

The potato feels rough under his fingers, and the vegetable was hard and tiny. He rolls it around in his palm a few times.

When he hears a noise, he jumps and bangs his body against the wall. Wings flying out to catch himself before he falls and busts his ass. He turns around, ready to defend himself, and sees his worst nightmare is standing there.

Technoblade is not staring at him, instead of glancing over all the dirt and potatoes in the basket. His dark eyes following the dug-up earth and rows of upturned earth. A long red cloth falls behind him, and the fluff of his cloak frames his face. His hair was not tied up like usual, and he wants to hold it in between his hands. Softly, because if it is tender that means that Technoblade was letting it happen. That they would be close together to the detail that they could feel each other's breath.

"It wouldn't have taken me that long. You could've waited if you need potatoes." Technoblade has his guard up again, his eyes bore into him. It is impossible to know what the man was thinking.

They stood there awkwardly for a moment, and he thought of how Techno looked so exposed under him days before. Quackity feels like he has lost any remoteness of Technoblade, trusting him forever.

And that feels wrong, but it's fine. The avian didn't want to lead Technoblade on, but the thought of ignoring him was appalling. Which is hypocritical because that is all he has been doing. He just wants his feelings to stop screaming in his head, stop being confusing. To stop wanting to run to Techno and away from him.

"I just wanted to help you."

He knows Technoblade enough to see his eyes flicker in surprise. Quackity is mildly irritated by it because he helped him on the island. What was so different now?

Technoblade looks at the crops that are done before him. The last row is mocking him and telling him that he is a fool as he stands there. He had meant to finish before the man had got back.

"What do you want?", Quackity breathes in at the question. He wants to be Technoblade's friend again if he is honest. But that wasn't the reason he did the potatoes, not really. He thinks he wants to say that he would do them despite that reason anyway, but he can't trust himself to be truthful about that. Would he have done the potatoes if he doesn't enjoy Techno's presence, or lowkey want Techno to like, think he was useful?

Maybe Quackity wants to apologize for leading Technoblade on, or giving him blue balls. Whichever or neither at all.

Maybe if the avian didn't pertain and be such a fuck up he would be able to sort through his feelings. Or filter the thoughts in his mind to some understandable point in front of him.

"What do you want, Quackity?" He remembers the piglin asking, body solid lines against his. The memory hurts, slightly, seems altered in his mind.

"Nothing."

The air is awkward around them and almost suffocating. Quackity wonders why he could never find the right words from the other man. He was cursed to fall into an infinite loop of embarrassment.

"Quackity, leave me alone, and it's obvious you don't want to be by me. If you want to say

something to me or get something out of me just say it to my face. Doing shit like this is just weird."

The winged man is just left blinking, and is this weird?

"What the fuck do you mean?" Quackity asks, wanting to suck his words back in, and they were too harsh in the air. Fuck, Quackity meant to come here and do this so he could either ghost the man or apologize to him. He is failing at both.

"Stop doing shit for me because you want something, not the most morally sound thing to do." Suddenly it's like the hours of farming have caught up to him. Because he feels bone-tired. Like it has been passed down his bloodline. Fever seems to take hold of him, making him feel hot and worn out.

"I wouldn't just fucking do something to get shit from you Techno, not everyone is trying to use you or some shit." The words come out harsher than he meant, and he feels like talking to Technoblade was the wrong decision.

"I never assumed that you were trying to use me-"

"You hella fucking implied it, big man." The man just turned around, not looking bothered enough to care, face impassive.

"Leave me alone Quackity."

"Fuck you."

Techno is suddenly in his face, and Quackity backs up from the look before his back presses into the cold stone. It feels like, like hardened guilt against his back, fear and death creeping upon him. Wouldn't be the first time the piglin-hybrid has killed him, standing over him like he was above the avian.

"You are just scared of me. Friends aren't scared of each other."

The words are ice cold, and it just makes him mad. Technoblade is looking down at him with a sad expression, it pisses him off, it makes his brain broil in his skull, how fucking dare Technoblade-

"Friends don't kill each other either, do they?" The piglin rears back like he was hurt, eyes flickering in light some would call betrayal.

"So I guess we were not really friends, by default, huh? I was just someone who you could hang around your neck like gold. Very noble of you." Quackity just jerks forward, he wants to punch the man or scream at him, but he just turns to walk out the door instead.

He stops when he remembers the last time he did this, almost too furious to notice. Technoblade stopped him then, but he wasn't now.

So he stands there for a moment, all the fight leaving him, and he feels wrong and like a horrible person. Guilt rising in him and making him feel utterly alone.

"Sorry Technoblade, I didn't mean to lead you on or anything." His wings brush against the back of his legs as they droop, and they feel brittle to the bone. He counts to ten before he can even his breathing enough to continue, the man quiet anyway in the background.

"I'll leave you alone now, ya' know? You don't owe me anything, yep. You are a big scary guy,

you're smart Techno. You are like the smartest person I know, so I know you will be okay. I hope you have a good day." His arm is grabbed, and this mirrors the event that had happened before, and he wants to scramble away slightly. It's gentle and guarded because the piglin's hands are large, almost overwhelming in their hold.

"We can be friends Quackity, I didn't want to pressure you into anything, and I am sorry if I ever did. That is not forgivable." He feels his heart sink into his stomach and squeeze.

"You never forced me into anything." He giggles nervously like it should be obvious, the man's eyes are dark where they slide up his face and stare into Quackity's. The moment is lined with the tension between them.

Techno's hand is taking most of his mind not to react to, or lean into it at the very least. Technoblade drives him insane without trying to, paving his way through Quackity's mind like it belongs there. Growing like some type of alien plant that only partakes to Technoblade himself, utterly poisonous and rare.

He is breathing that poison in, dying and relaxing as the man stares at him. Quackity might be too poetic for his own good, but he wonders if the root of the flower would be their memories, stuck in the earth and soil of Quackity's brain.

Suddenly it's like the plant is uprooted, gone with Techno's hand when he pulls back into himself. The garden in his mind is dying.

"I got to go Quackity." The man is saying that as he leaves, leaving the avian with his dead garden and whirlwind of a mind. Quackity watches him leave and wonders if this is how the man felt to watch him walk away, and doesn't blame him for stopping him every time.

...

"So, uh, what the fuck did you do to Technoblade?" Tommy pulls up beside him, flicking his hand on Quackity's wing to get it away. It poofs up and then dies down as he smiles at the kid like he didn't know shit.

"Why are you asking me?"

"Weren't y'all making out or something, or dating? Getting close and shit?" Quackity just swivels away from him, he would rather die than talk about this with Tommy. He hears the kid scrambling after him and just flies into the air. Tommy screaming after him.

...

He needs a break, his mind is rotting inside his brain he swears. So he sneaks into the office of the man who had banished him. He laughed shitless when the man looked surprised at him, the giggles building out of his mouth in nervousness. He feels like he's riding the sky, he needs to stay up so he doesn't fall to the ground.

A flower enters his mind, darkly beautiful, dangerous, and addicting-

"Holy shit, this is a dumbass decision on your part." The man still smiles darkly, pushing a dark bottle into his hands.

"Come on Quackity, act like a real man." This feels like a dream when he takes a sip of it and gags. It's disgusting and burns, surprisingly bitter.

"God man, why did you try to kill me, major dick move." He's fucking, he doesn't know how he feels. His anger at Schlatt is buried by how fucking desperate he is to have just, anything there. Anything good to kill the bad inside him, the loneliness and regret. And slowly they spiral down, he doesn't drink anymore, he hates how it makes his world spin and mind fuzzy.

He makes bad decisions, like usual.

Quackity presses Schlatt hard into the desk, the pit in his stomach simmering and swallowing him whole. He always does this, he's cursed to do it it seems, and deserves to fuck someone filthy or be fucked like a cheap whore. He gets that, and maybe if he does this it'll stop the raging voice in his head that told him he was worthless.

"..I didn't want to pressure you into anything, and I am sorry if I ever did-" The thoughts stick in his brain, Techno's words hard on his mind. With the man, it was easy, natural you could say. Nothing had felt pressured at all, the opposite. He didn't want to think about it.

Sex is honestly filthy if you think about it. The mind only finds it attractive due to personal bias and unfiltered kindness. And hate sex is despising all of it, the way Schlatt's skin sticks to him due to sweat. The sounds the ram-hybrid makes fuel his anger and resentment, and the way his eyes light up in arousal piss him off. Everything seems like a ticking time boom, and the whole point is to relieve this anger inside him.

Suddenly he's pushed off, Schlatt intent to pick up the bottle again and avoid his gaze. He sits there for a moment, wondering why in the hell they stopped when they just started.

"Don't fuck me when I'm just a distraction. Don't look at me and imagine someone else, don't say you aren't either because I know you are." Quackity grips at his beanie and almost punches the wall.

"Oh my god, you fucking, you don't know shit, you hypocritical piece of shit-" He doesn't, he doesn't understand Quackity at all, the man needs this. The avian needs to stop falling out of the sky.

"You know Quackity, shit stick. I hope you choke on a dick. Get the fuck out of my office, you skinny fuck. Also, realize you fucking like Technoblade already, it's so fucking annoying." The words are spat out venomously, the man just ties his tie in front of Quackity while the man's word comes crashing down.

"I don't like Techno, we aren't like that-"

"He looks at you like you are a fucking gourmet meal, you oblivious fuck."

" *Oh-* "

" He literally killed me, which made him a target to a lot of people, to save you. You literally could tell that man to sit and he would right there ass up on the fucking road."

"Oh."

"And that gay nudging you both do. Don't get me started on that shit."

"Oh."

"Or that one time he went into my office and you both were giggling about how the pen looked like a butt. I have no idea how the utter fuck, you dumbasses thought that was a butt, okay-"

"Techno likes me?" He suddenly realizes, air punched out of him.

"You are just realizing this now? I'm so glad you are not in the cabinet anymore, you are literally the most unobservant person I have ever had the fuckery of meeting. Also get out before I call my guards to come kill you."

...

Dear Old Guy,

I think we need you here, Wilbur needs you, and I know he was writing you before. Maybe this letter won't catch you off the field.

Wilbur is off the fucking rockers, that one, and Technoblade is acting like someone killed his favorite puppy. As much as I hate the guy, didn't Dream add you to the white list? Only good thing that stinky bastard has probably done.

We both know I am not the best with words, although I still am the most fucking convincing and awesome guy, no competition. I would rather punch someone and get it over with, so this isn't my area if you catch me.

I don't think that would help Technoblade though, never seen the guy show emotions before, he's a wreck. He got heart-broken or something like that. Not going to even start on Wilbur.

So get your old ass over here.

-Your son, Tommy.

AYOOO HI GUYS, hope yall are having a nice day bro.

ALSO, comment what ur fav part is, heheh

yeah, i finally got another account, so yesh, all the fics in the aurea series are mine im just to lazy to fully add them all over yet. i should be going to update or publish my other fics soon!

MAKE SURE TO EAT A SNACK AND DRINK WATER GUYS

also funny comments only/j/j//j edit: GUYS JOIN THE BOOB CHAIN DO IT

also the some of y'all's bookmarks make me laugh keep them up its funny sldfjsdf

if anyone wants to dm my discord or friend me I'm SyashSticks#0887

End Notes

gn to all my spouses, discord kids, my wifeys, :D the qnb community, the bottom blade community(i got bullied to finish this bc of them smh/j), to the people who drank water today, to the quackity kinnies, people who listen to lemon demon, people who ate a lego as a kid, and lastly to just all the cool people here,,,

mwah <3, you all deserve the love guys :D, make sure to study, drink water, eat a snack, not burn your food if your cookin, wash ya' face, and don't let anyone get you down! also basically i was planning on finishing this as well! but posting spaces in between updates, and having the chapters looked over by an actually intelligent human being.

anyway imma go die so the discord can't yell at me bye/j

Edit: Hello, due to some comments, I would like to say yes, I am the original author.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!